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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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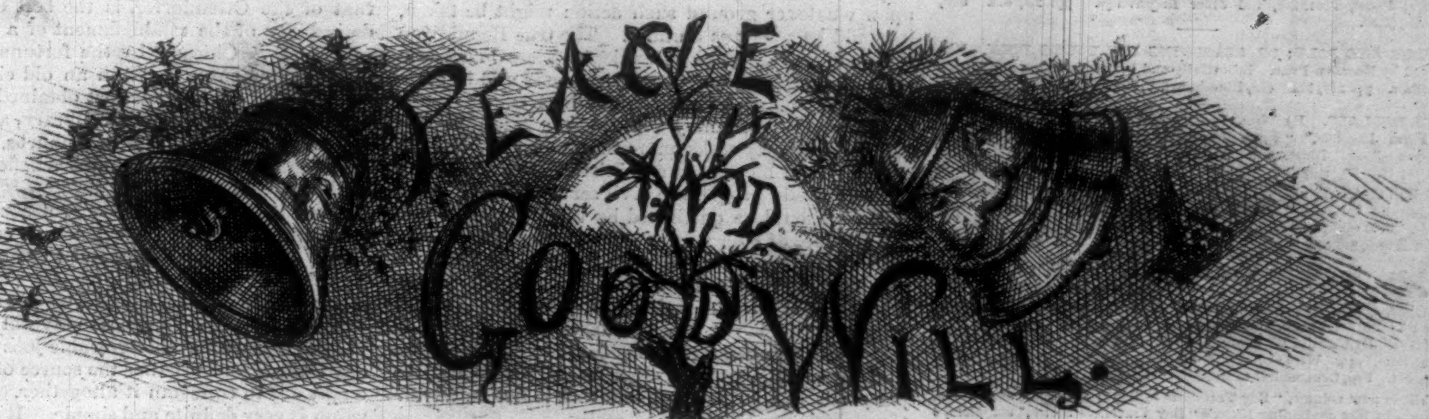
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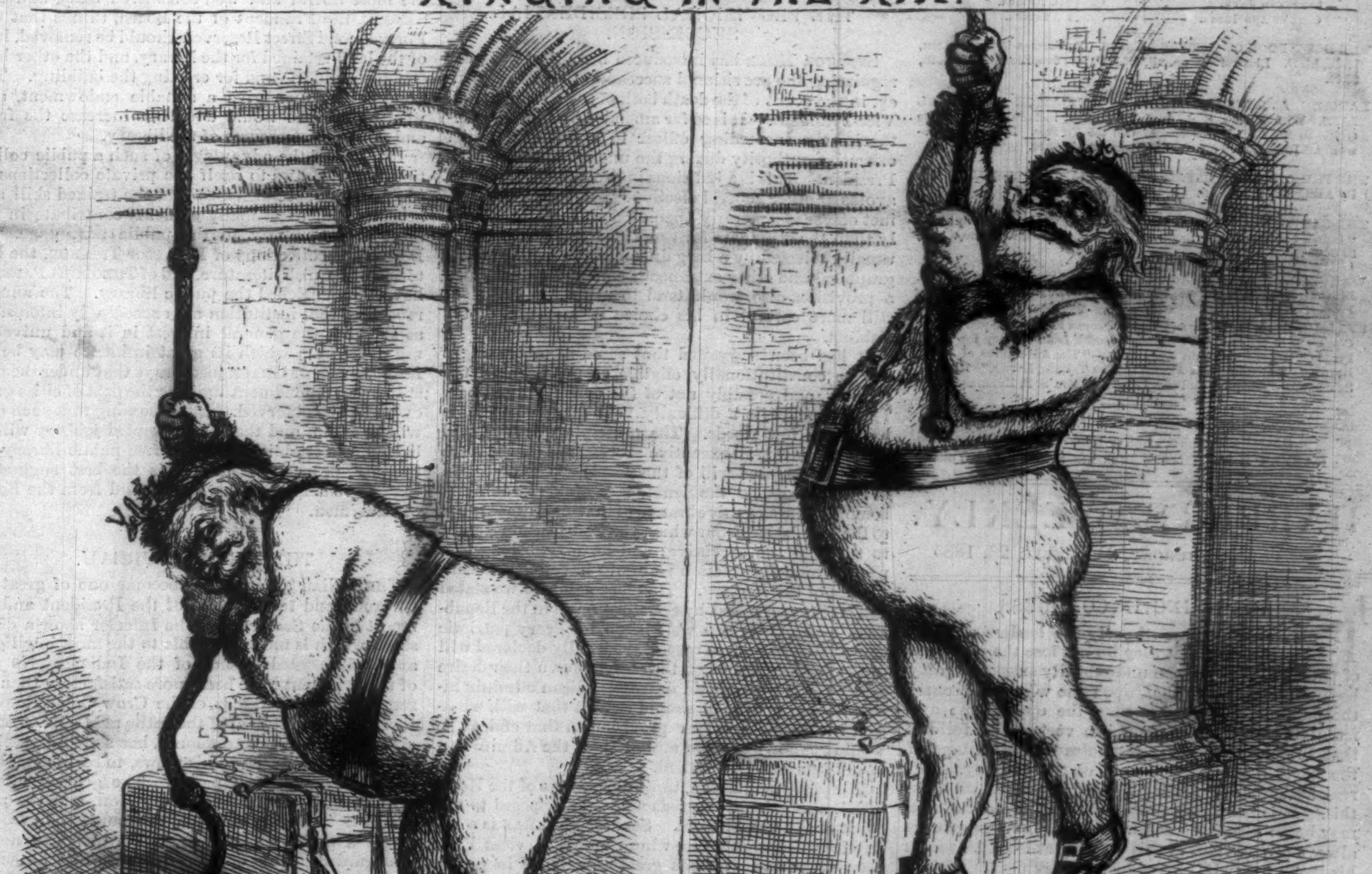
AND
GOOD WILL.

RINGING IN THE AIR.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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1885.

BEGINNING IN CONGRESS.

IN playing the game of party the leaders of party must take care that they do not lose the character of patriots. Honest men undoubtedly support a party because they believe that, upon the whole, it secures the public welfare better than the opposition; and from this position the sophism very easily follows that therefore whatever promotes the advantage of the party assures the benefit of the country. But real leadership requires a little more foresight than this. It is necessary to see that an immediate gain may be an ultimate loss for the party, and experience always proves that, in this country at least, he serves his party best who serves his country most. This is a truth to be remembered in the present House of Representatives. It is good Republican party tactics to divide the Democratic majority, provided that it is not done in a way to shake confidence. But if by Republicans voting with one faction of the Democrats for a change of rules the result should be greater extravagance of public expenditure, the extravagance could not be scored against the Democrats if it was accomplished by Republican votes.

It is true that the party having the majority is held generally responsible for legislation. But if Mr. SENEY's proposal to repeal the civil service reform law should be supported by Republican votes in order to throw the odium of repeal upon the Democrats, it is evident that, if the repeal should be effected by such votes, it would be the Republicans and not the Democrats who would be justly held responsible. The proposal to change the rules of the House so that the majority may prevail more readily and the transaction of business be facilitated, is one which every sensible man will approve. But to modify the rules so as to divide the appropriations and stimulate extravagance is a policy which will be judged upon its own merits, and without regard to its effect upon tariff revision. Of course high protectionists and all who wish to prevent any tariff action whatever will be glad of any course which increases expenditure or even threatens a deficit, because that would at once arrest any action looking to a reduction of revenue. But that is of itself a policy injurious to protection, because it associates protection in the public mind with immense appropriations and reckless spending, and an opposition asks no better cry than that, when it can be sustained by the facts.

Upon the merits, as the lawyers say, the argument is wholly against the distribution of the work of the Appropriation Committee. Undoubtedly it tends to extravagance, and as it would certainly not facilitate but impede the transaction of business, it ought to be successfully opposed. There is understood to be a disposition among Republicans to support it. But upon whatever ground such action might be taken, it would be a serious blunder. The true Republican tactics in this Congress are evident. They do not consist in laying the Democrats by the ears and in gaining little technical victories, but in a course which will impress the country with the conviction that the Republican party seeks, more than its opponent, both economy and honesty in administration, and consistent and steady progress in civil service reform. This purpose should be quickened by the knowledge that the conduct of both parties is watched by intelligent eyes and minds, and by a country which is not to be wheedled or deceived. The Republican record for the very qualities in legislation which the country now demands is not so untarnished that Republican action will be necessarily considered to be better than that of its opponent. In other words, the Republican party has lost its prestige, and that is not an advantage which can be recovered easily.

THE PROVISIONAL PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

SENATOR HOAR has introduced his bill of last year regulating the provisional succession to the Presidency, in the event of the death both of the President and Vice-President. It is so far amended by him as to authorize the succeeding officer to exercise the chief executive authority during the unexpired term of the President. This is a judicious improvement, because it avoids another general election. Moreover, the Cabinet officer is generally appointed much more carefully than the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, who is usually selected by a bargain, and with regard to geographical and other extraneous considerations. Such a provision, also, would tend to make the President still more careful in his choice of members of the Cabinet.

It has been suggested that some members might not be constitutionally eligible, as not born in the country, and possibly not of the constitutional age. This, however, is a difficulty very easily remediable by a very few words. The principle which should guide the law is an executive succession in accordance with the declared will of the people. The objection to the President of the Senate is twofold: he does not belong to the executive branch of the government, but to the legislative, from which the Constitution sought to separate the executive; and he may belong to a party which the election shows to have lost the confidence of the country. This last point, as we stated last week, was raised by Senator LOGAN in the Republican caucus. It was well taken, for every patriotic citizen should wish to respect the legally declared will of the people; and when they have shown their desire either for a Democratic or a Republican administration for four years, he should respect that will, whatever his party, by proper provision to that end, as he would acknowledge the authority of the Administration when legally installed.

The present situation, until the passage of the HOAR bill, is anomalous, unsatisfactory, and opposed to the spirit of the government. Senator SHERMAN is a patriotic and upright man, whose public services have been great, and who has great experience in public affairs. But he is the representative of a party whose candidate the country has just refused to accept for the Presidency. Senator SHERMAN and the Republicans hold that the executive administration of the government is a question of party. They believe, therefore, that the election of the Democratic candidate shows that the country intended a Democratic administration for four years. But if Mr. SHERMAN should succeed to the Presidency by the death or disability of the President, this purpose would be baffled. We have no doubt that every Republican Senator and Representative will show his wish to respect the lawfully expressed popular will by voting for the HOAR bill, unless they should hold with some of the Republican papers that the President was not honestly elected, and that therefore any method under the form of law of obtaining executive control is permissible. But as the bill must stand upon its principle, and not upon a party situation at any time, there is no doubt that the Republican members of both Houses will support it, as the Republican Senators supported it in the last Congress.

A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR THE CITY.

THE Mayor has approved the resolution of the Board of Aldermen requesting the Legislature to incorporate a free public library for the city of New York. There are already noble libraries here. The Astor and Lenox, and the Mercantile and the Society and others, are admirable and serviceable collections of books. But they are either subscription or consulting libraries. They are not accessible and convenient to the great multitude of readers. The Apprentices' is a free circulating library for mechanics, journeymen, artisans, etc., and it is a very useful institution, as Mr. HEWITT recently testified. But the only libraries in the city which are free in the large popular sense are the Ottendorfer and the New York Free Circulating Library. The latter was started a few years since upon a necessarily small scale, but it has been sagaciously managed, and its success, like that of the Ottendorfer, is the best evidence of the desirability of the establishment of a library worthy of the city. Chicago, by the fortunate reversion of an enormous property from an old citizen, which is valued at $2,500,000, has just obtained the means for founding such a free public library, and that in Boston, with its extension to the suburbs, and its skillful organization, is one of the most beneficent institutions in the city.

There is, indeed, something grotesque and even suspicious in the suggestion of such an enterprise by the Board of Aldermen. It seems to be especially a case in which the gift-bearing Greeks are to be feared. It is impossible not to wonder whether the necessary buildings for such a purpose may not have suggested various seasonable and agreeable jobs to the excellent city fathers, and whether the source of the suggestion ought not to condemn it altogether. Yet the proposition is very definite and simple. It is a request that the State will incorporate a free public library upon the most liberal and well-considered basis, and Mr. SANGER, the President of the Board, thinks that the Forty-second Street Reservoir should be removed, half of the land retained for the library, and the other half sold to provide a fund for erecting the building. The State might then give a suitable endowment, and wealthy citizens would doubtless increase the fund and add to the treasures of the library.

It is one of the advantages of such a public collection that it draws to itself the private collections of scholars and specialists, so that the trained skill and accomplishment of many students contribute in the most thorough way to the public advantage. In Boston the collections of Professor TICKNOR, the historian of Spanish literature, and of THEODORE PARKER, have thus enriched the public library. The annual reports of that institution are exceedingly interesting as showing the general interest in it and universal use of it, from which its great influence may be inferred. Mayor GRACE justly says that under the constitutional amendment limiting the debt of cities great care must be observed. But assuming that such care will be taken, and that all attempted jobbery will be baffled, the establishment of a free public library for the city, properly organized, is the best suggestion that we remember to have proceeded from the Board of Aldermen.

THE INDIAN BUREAU.

THE Indian question has become one of great importance, and the Message of the President and the report of the Secretary of the Interior show a disposition which is most agreeable to the most intelligent and disinterested friends of the Indians. No acts of the President have been more satisfactory than the restoration of the lands of the Crow Creek Reservation and the ejectment of the cattle men. Mr. ATKINS, also, the Indian Commissioner, has shown himself in many of his acts, as in his views, to be in sympathy with the best Indian policy. The general interest now aroused in the Indian question, and the more accurate information upon the subject, have produced a positive public opinion which can not be disregarded. This opinion demands that humanity and good faith shall determine the Indian policy, and that the absorption of the Indians in the great mass of citizens shall be hastened as rapidly as the common welfare will permit.

Now the first and vital practical consideration in furtherance of such a policy is the character and ability of the agents to whom it is intrusted. Upon these depend both proper aid to the progressive civilization of the Indian and wise distribution of actual supplies. There is no body of public agents, therefore, who should be selected more carefully, for their opportunities of abusing the public trust are very great and seductive. In no branch of the service should proved fitness for the peculiar and difficult duties be more surely the absolute security of official continuance than in the Indian service, and from none should mere party and political interference be more strenuously repelled. Now on the 1st of October thirty-one of the sixty Indian agents had been displaced. If this change was plainly due to the desire to carry out the righteous policy more effectively by substituting more efficient for inefficient agents, there could be no complaint. But one of the most thoroughly informed friends of the Indian, who has great personal knowledge of the agents and of the agencies, and who is not a partisan of any kind, except of honest dealing with the Indians, says that in instances which have come under his personal knowledge the object of removal seems not to have been the benefit of the Indian so much as the reward of assiduous politicians for "party work."

This statement, which we must accept as correct, is very damaging, and such changes ought to cease. It is by the character rather than the number of changes that the Administration will be judged. We understand the extreme difficulty encountered by the Secretary or the Superintendent in ascertaining the exact facts. Every allowance should be made. But what honest and unselfish and intelligent outsiders know should not be unknown to the department. The Indian agents are appointed by the President and Senate for four years, and the President must depend largely upon information from the department. There are but sixty such agents, and half of them have been removed. If every one of the remaining thirty is a Republican, but an honest and efficient officer, heartily in sympathy with the Indian policy of the President, it seems to us that he should be resolutely retained and re-appointed. In such a post the tried experience and tested qualification of the agent, together with the confidence and satisfaction of the Indians, are of the utmost importance, and no new agent, however excellent, can soon or readily replace them. At no point of the public service are the President's purpose and tenacity more indispensable than here.

THE POWER OF REMOVAL.

In Mr. Webster's speech in the Senate in 1835 upon "the appointing and removing power" he said: "There is no such thing as any distinct official act of removal. I have looked into the practice, and caused inquiries to be made in the departments, and I do not learn that any such proceeding is known as an entry or record of the removal of an officer from office." Mr. Webster was showing that removal was always effected by a new appointment, and repeated, "In no case is there any distinct official act of removal, as I can find, unconnected with the act of appointment."

Mr. Chandler, however, late Secretary of the Navy, is reported to have said that President Arthur desired to remove a Collector in Florida, but not being prepared to nominate a successor, sent a message to the Senate requesting its advice and consent to the removal of Wicker, Collector, etc. If the ex-Secretary be reported correctly, the fact shows how very great is the change in fifty years. President Arthur's act would be in entire accord with Webster's principle that the power of removal is incident to the appointing power, and not, as Madison held and Webster denied, a separate power derived from the general grant of executive power.

The Tenure-of-office Act was founded upon Webster's view, and upon the view of Hamilton that the consent of the Senate would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint. It was a denial of Madison's theory, which Webster respectfully opposed. But the law was modified, and in its present imperfect condition the refusal of the Senate to confirm a nomination does not restore the suspended officer. The power of removal should be distinctly vested in the President, according to Madison's view, or it should be shared by the Senate. It should not be left undefined, as now, and Senator Hoar has introduced a bill repealing the remains of the Tenure-of-office Act. The repeal would restore the old understanding and practice, and give the President the exclusive authority of removal.

THE DINNER OF THE MIDDLESEX CLUB.

One of the most significant of recent public events was the dinner of the Middlesex Club in Boston to Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, and it is well worthy the attentive consideration of all political observers. The special objects of the club are independence in politics and civil service reform. By independence the club does not mean neutrality or non-partisanship. It welcomes Republicans and Democrats alike. But no Republican or Democrat who wears a party collar, or submits his conscience to a caucus or a convention, finds himself at home in the Middlesex Club. The character of the club may be inferred from the names of the prominent guests. If there be sincerer or better Republicans, in the true sense of the word, than Mr. Eaton himself or Mr. Lowell, or more positive Democrats than Mr. Saltonstall, the Collector, or Mr. O'Brien, the Mayor, of Boston, they are not known to us; and the other gentlemen at table had equally strong party sympathies.

The bond of union among them all was independence and faith in practical reform. Mr. Saltonstall is a Democrat who declined to support the regular Democratic candidate for Governor, General Butler; and Dr. James Freeman Clarke, who was a guest, is a Republican who declined to support the regular Republican candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Blaine. Mr. Eaton's speech was an admirable exposition of the true principle of political independence. With Burke he holds that parties are associations to carry out certain common principles; and with Senator Edmunds, that candidates are to be judged, not by platforms, but by themselves, and that the voter is not to be frightened out of his honest independence. No man can support a principle by voting for a candidate who does not represent it; and Mr. Eaton truly said that nothing would give so much moral vigor to parties as the consciousness that bad candidates or infidelity to principle would drive voters to the other side or to not voting at all.

These opinions are held and put in practice by the Middlesex Club and by those who were its guests the other evening. Those guests represent an immense constituency, and, as Mr. Lowell said, "independency" is sure to succeed, because the party—that is, independent voters—has a moral basis. Mayor O'Brien said that as a Democrat he believed in civil service reform, and he added that "no men have been more abused [politically] than the laborers. They have been made the tools of political tricksters, and with civil service reform enforced they are no longer in the hands of political tricksters." The Mayor said that it would compel the city government of Boston in every department to be conducted upon business principles solely. And on Tuesday he was re-elected Mayor by an unusually large majority. These are all unmistakable signs of the political situation. When leading Democrats and Republicans fraternize heartily upon a question like reform, the toughest hack politicians must attend.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

It is stated that a number of the chief signers of the petition for municipal suffrage for women in Boston are opposed by a remonstrance signed by their wives. The fact is mentioned with a great deal of amusement. But it seems to dispose pretty effectually of the assertion that if women were allowed to vote they would always vote as their husbands desired.

A MINOR PENALTY OF DISTINCTION.

It is not possible for eminent public men to correct every misstatement about themselves. But when injurious stories from long repetition are accepted as true, and responsible authority is cited for them, it is necessary authoritatively to dispose of them. This has been recently done in two instances in regard to Mr. Gladstone.

It has been alleged, and apparently with good reason, that Mr. Gladstone was a large investor in the Confederate loan. There was no reason in the nature of the case to doubt it, because he had impulsively and publicly said that Jefferson Davis had created a nation. But it appears that Mr. Gladstone denied the story twenty years ago in a letter to Mr. Ellis Yarnall, of Philadelphia, in which he said:

> "I am very much obliged by your letter of October 2, but it concerns me to learn that the false statement of my having been a subscriber to the Confederate loan should have been first made, and should have been, as you inform me, widely circulated in America. The statement is not only incorrect, it is so entirely void of the slightest shadow of support in any imaginable incident of the case that I am hardly able to ascribe it to mere error, and am painfully perplexed as to the motives which could have prompted so mischievous a forgery."

And in England, when the list of alleged subscribers was published, including the name of Mr. Gladstone, he promptly denied that it was correct.

Lately in England Lady Sheffield, at a public meeting, repeated the story that Mr. Gladstone went to the theatre on the very evening that he heard of General Gordon's death. A friend wrote to him upon the subject, and received the following reply:

> "Mr. Gladstone thanks Mrs. Andrew. It is absolutely untrue that either any news or any rumor supported by any color of evidence that General Gordon was dead had reached Mr. Gladstone on the evening to which reference has so improperly been made by some political opponents."

When an injurious story is told of a public man it is always well to give him the benefit of a doubt. "Read me anything but history," said the cynical old statesman, "for that is, of course, a lie." In the heat of the campaign of 1872 a friend asked permission of General Grant to correct a story about him which the friend knew to be untrue. "Oh no," said the General; "what's the use? They'll invent twenty new lies while you are denying the old one."

THE NEW APPOINTMENTS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The position of Assistant Treasurer of the United States in New York is an office of dignity and responsibility, but it is not one which has such relations with the Executive that it can be called properly a political office, and its duties have been discharged, we believe, in the most satisfactory manner by Mr. Acton, and it is an office in which experience is most valuable. Mr. Acton's term of office, however, has expired, under the law which was intended to serve the spoils system, and we should gladly have seen him re-appointed.

But the President thinks it desirable, as we have before stated, that there should be a fair distribution of such offices between the two parties, and he has therefore nominated Mr. John Bigelow as Mr. Acton's successor. Mr. Bigelow's character, ability, and public services are well known, and if a change was to be made, the necessity and desirability of which we do not see, there could be no more satisfactory selection. If all appointments were of the same kind, there could be no quarrel with them, except upon the ground that we mention.

General Sigel, who succeeds the pension agent, Mr. Coster, who has resigned, was a devoted and heroic soldier of the Union, and is also a well-known citizen, whose appointment will be received with entire satisfaction. Both these appointments are of a kind which strengthens an Administration.

RETIREMENT OF CHIEF JUSTICE DALY.

The retirement of Chief Justice Daly from the bench upon which he has sat with honor for forty-two years is an event of public importance. He retires upon the completion of his seventieth year, but in the fullness and vigor of his powers, and amid general respect and regret. During the long term of his service Judge Daly has been a conspicuous citizen, eminent in every enterprise to advance the good name and high character of the city, and officially distinguished alike for his ability, his rectitude, and his urbanity.

His professional accomplishments and official activity have not diverted him from general studies. Indeed, he has been a constant student, and is a high authority in various branches of letters. He is especially what is called a self-made man—a phrase which in its larger sense means a man who uses wisely all his advantages, but in its more familiar sense describes one who turns to account very limited opportunities. The various honorary positions which Judge Daly has filled are the recognition of the public confidence which he has long enjoyed.

One of his most interesting services to the community is his annual address as President of the Geographical Society, which is a clear survey of exploration and achievement during the year. It is a fascinating topic, which is always charming in his treatment. For all such services his retirement will but yield him more time, and for Judge Daly to leave the bench is only to continue other beneficent activities, and, as we hope, for many a year.

PERSONAL.

Ex-President Arthur tells the following story: "It is not generally known that I was kidnapped once, but the same is true, nevertheless. In the summer of '84 I was taking a trip in a government dispatch-boat along the coast, when one morning we put into Marblehead, in order to visit Salem, the ancient home of witchcraft. Our time was limited, and we desired to escape observation; but no sooner had we landed than I was recognized. We hurried into a carriage and proceeded to Salem, but while in the museums of that city, which contains many souvenirs of the witches, I was accosted by a sad-faced man with piercing black eyes, who had come, he said, to ask me to say a few words to the people of Marblehead. I firmly but pleasantly refused, on the ground of pressing engagements, and was compelled to repeat my refusal at least three times before the sad-faced man departed. On the way back to the vessel my carriage suddenly stopped, and the door was rudely opened by the sad-faced man, who again insisted that I should speak to the people of Marblehead. Three times again I positively declined. One of the naval officers who was with me became very angry, and shut the door with a slam. The sad-faced man jumped upon the box alongside of the driver, and we were driven toward the wharf. Presently the carriage stopped again, the sad-faced man again opened the door, and before I knew what to do, I found myself literally borne along by the crowd to the City Hall, and into a large room, which was packed with the inhabitants. Resistance was simply useless. I had been taken right off my feet. Yielding to necessity, I said to the sad-faced man, 'Well, I will speak for five minutes, if you will let me go.' 'Five minutes it shall be,' he replied. I worried along with a rambling talk, as well as I could, and at the end of it was allowed to go back to the vessel. But I can never forget the fact that I was once kidnapped in Marblehead."

—Sky Farm, the home of Dora and Elaine Goodale, the "child poets," has been used of late as a boarding-house. Mr. Goodale is living in this city, and connected with some real estate interests. Mrs. Goodale has done everything in her power to keep her daughters from losing their simple love of nature, and when they first became known to the public, at the ages respectively of ten and twelve, did her best to discourage the reporters who in 1878 went to Sky Farm to "write them up."

—There is a flavor of Dean Swift in the reply recently made by the Vicar of Saltney, in England, to the Liberal candidate who asked him for his vote: "No, sir; I can not vote for you. All Liberals are either humbugs or liars."

—Mr. Labouchere assumes the responsibility of declaring that in France no servant-girl who respects herself will walk with a private soldier, although the ranks of the French army are thick with the sons of the noble, the rich, and the prosperous, which is by no means true of the ranks of the English army.

—Mr. August Belmont, the banker, still entertains a deep affection for his dog Sailor, which died some time ago at his farm on Long Island. The photographer who at his request made a photograph of the dead animal relates that Mr. Belmont's exhibition of grief was pitiful when looking at the picture, which, however, he did not accept, because it was so unlike the animal at his best. Sailor was a gift to the banker from a friend in England.

—Professor Huxley expresses the feelings of all scientists when he laments that nowadays the growth of the minutest branches of almost all the sciences is so rapid and prolific that a man is compelled more and more to devote himself to smaller and smaller departments if he wishes to contribute anything of his own to the progress of discovery. But does not this course tend to narrowness of mind? No, replies the Professor—not if men of science are so educated in their youth that they shall secure breadth of scientific education without superficiality of knowledge, and, on the other hand, depth and precision of knowledge without narrowness.

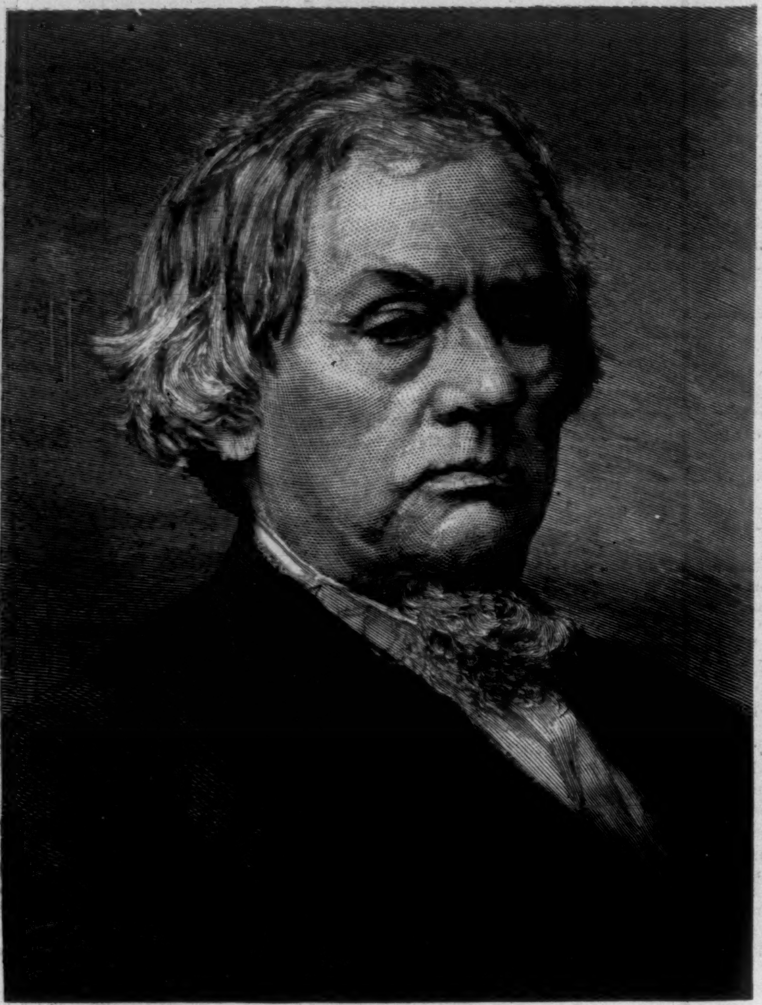
—Mr. Whistler, at a recent London exhibition, was conspicuous for his yellow gloves, "which had quite a Whistlerian effect," according to a reporter, "being sombrely set in his garmenture of black cloth." His pictures are now called "notes" in violet green and violet, in flesh-color and gray, and so on; or else "caprices," as "A Caprice in Red." Mr. Oscar Wilde appeared at the same exhibition in a coat marvellously pleated at the back, and Mrs. Oscar Wilde in a "terra-cotta mantle, with little comfortable nests for the arms, and a trimming of opossum fur."

—Dr. Henry M. Field has added to his interesting series of books of travel a volume on *The Greek Islands and Turkey after the War.* The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby writes to the publishers: "I believe that posterity will put Dr. Field's name first in the list of American travel writers. His graceful style, his thorough mastery of language, his graphic picturing, his historical and political references, and his sound conclusions make most fascinating and instructive reading."

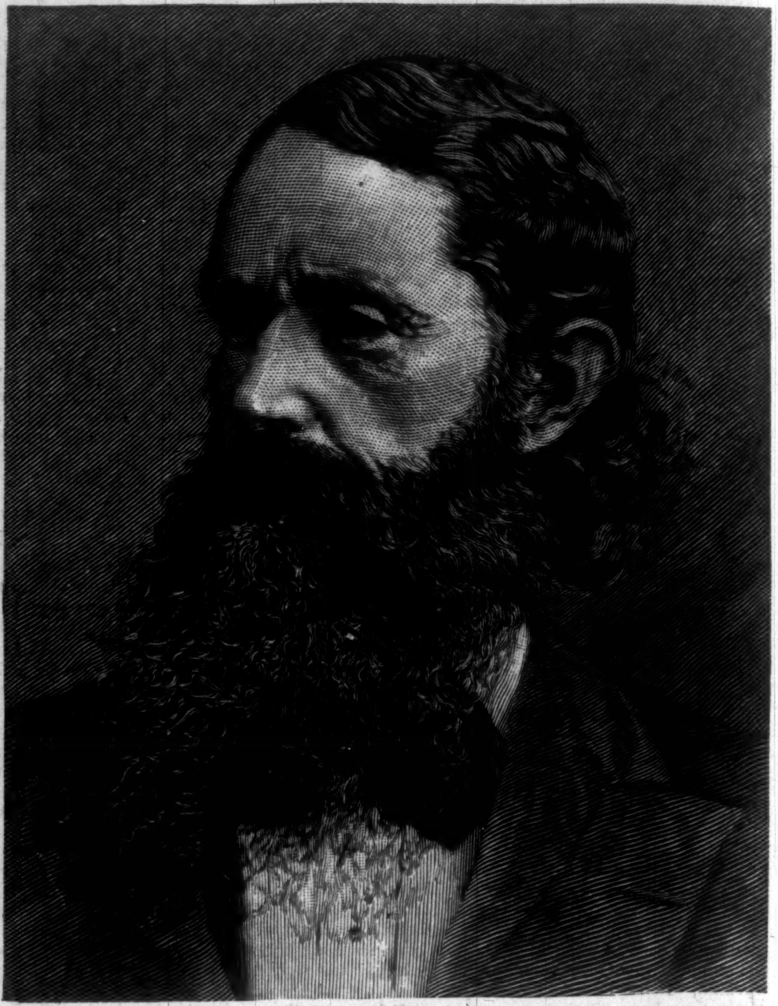
—We learn that Dr. Mary E. Bates, by a competitive examination, was admitted as interne to the Cook County Hospital, Chicago, in April, 1881, and for eighteen months occupied the position of resident house physician and house surgeon. This institution must therefore be added to the list of those in which such positions are open to women.

—Mr. Will H. Low dedicates his illustrative drawings for Keats's *Lamia* to Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, "in testimony of loyal friendship, and of a common belief in doubtful tales from fairy-land."

—The building known as the Hawthorne Cottage, at Lenox, Massachusetts, is one story and a half high, painted red, and overlooking the pretty lake called Stockbridge Bowl. It is owned and occupied by Mr. William A. Tappan, a Boston gentleman of excellent family, who lives the life of a studious recluse, and is seen in the streets of the village scarcely twice a year. On one of the small window-panes in the simply furnished parlor appears the autograph "Nathl Hawthorne, Feb'y 2, 1851," scratched by the novelist at Mr. Tappan's request. The little apartment, about eight feet by ten, which Hawthorne used as a study, and in which he wrote his *House of the Seven Gables*, is now occupied by Mr. Tappan's housekeeper as a bedroom. Summer visitors at Lenox annoy Mr. Tappan very much by asking to see the interior of the house. The site commands a superb view of mountain, valley, water, forest, and cultivated slope. Hawthorne himself disliked visitors, and when he saw them coming used to run down into the cellar and escape into the back yard.



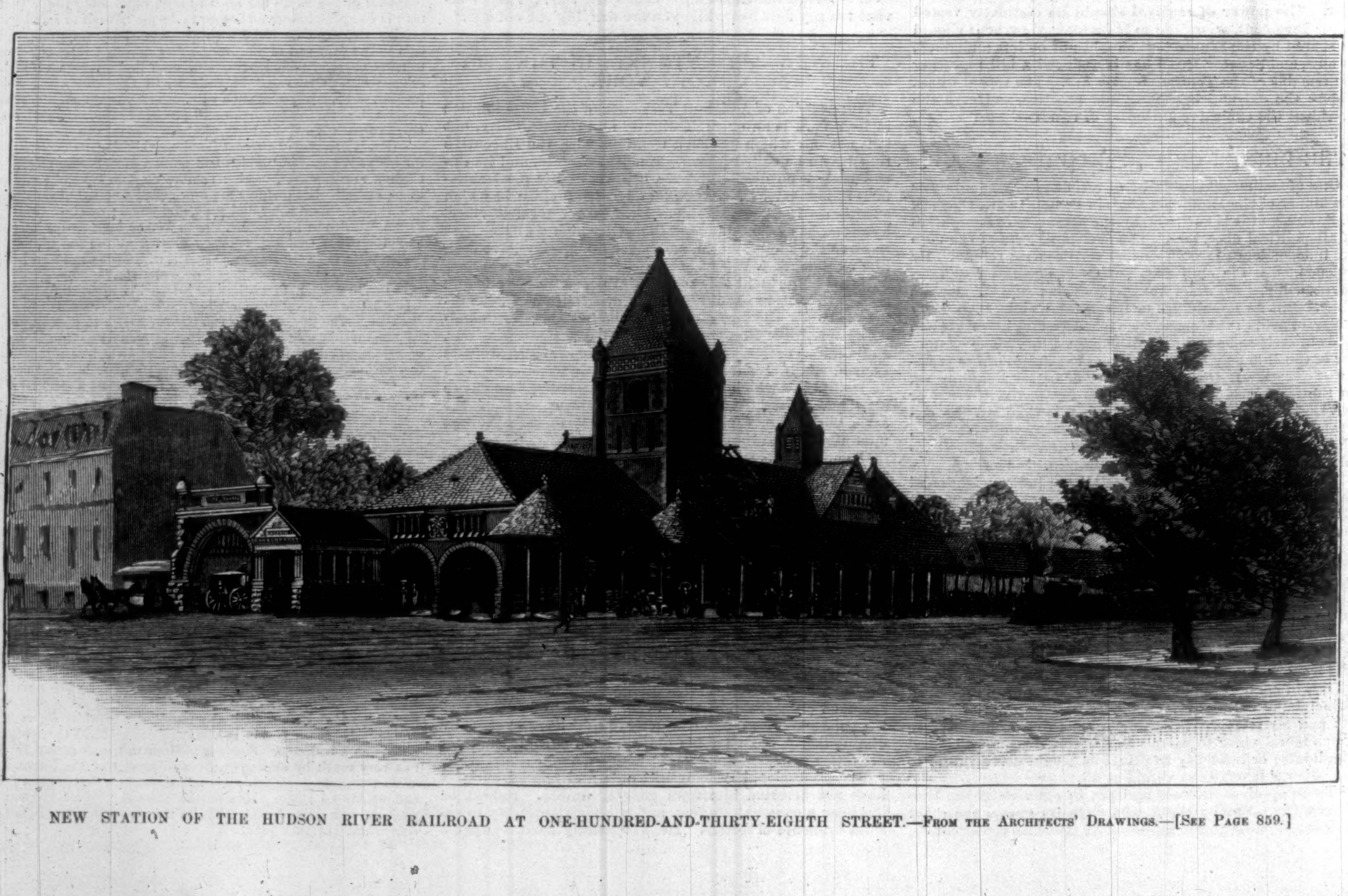
THE LATE ROBERT TOOMBS.—Photographed by C. N. Motes, Atlanta, Georgia.—[See Page 855.]



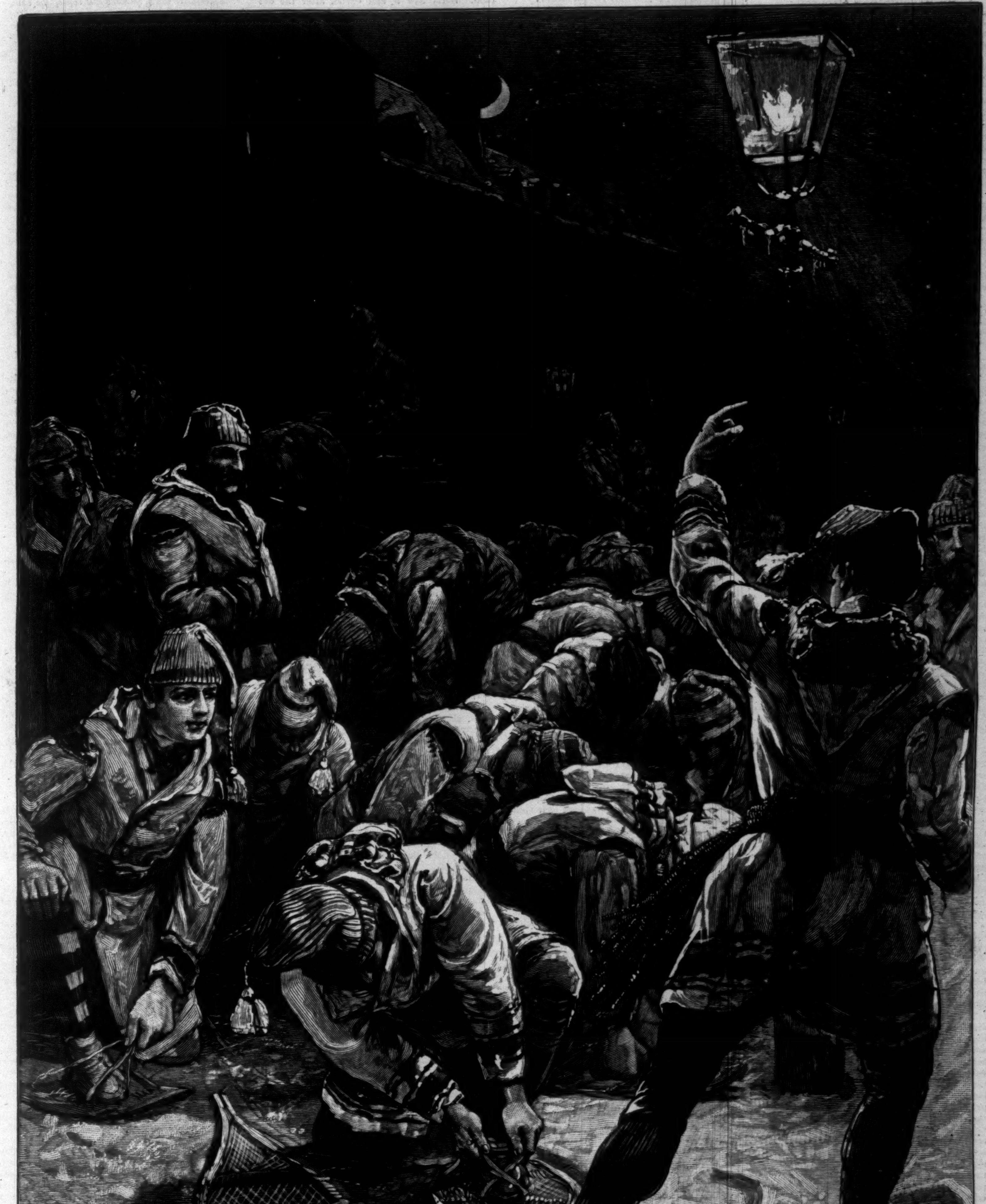
THE LATE B. GRATZ BROWN.

B. GRATZ BROWN.

Benjamin Gratz Brown, who died somewhat suddenly of heart-disease at St. Louis on Sunday, December 13, was a conspicuous figure in politics in the stirring times preceding and following the great civil war. He was born in 1826, at Frankfort, Kentucky, and was the son of **John Mason Brown**, at that time Secretary of State. He was educated at the Transylvania University, at Lexington, where he had for college mates Senator **George G. Vest** and Mr. Justice **Harlan** of the United States Supreme Court. He subsequently went to Yale College, graduating in 1847. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Louisville, but in 1851 went to St. Louis, where he became editor and part proprietor, with **William McKee** and **Frank P. Blair**, of the *Missouri Democrat.* He entered ardently into politics as a follower of **Thomas H. Benton**, and in 1856 was involved in a quarrel with United States District Attorney **Thomas C. Reynolds**, which led to a duel. He was strongly opposed to the slave power, and early distinguished himself in the Missouri Legislature by a violent antislavery speech. He was largely instrumental in organizing the Free-soil party in Missouri, and was its candidate for Governor in 1857, coming within 500 votes of an election. He became identified with the Republican party before the war broke out; and it was in consultation with him and **Blair** that General **Lyon** planned and carried out the capture of Camp Jackson, near St. Louis. He commanded a regiment of militia on this occasion, and subsequently raised a regiment of volunteers, and finally commanded a brigade. In 1863 he was elected to the United States Senate, his colleague being General **John B. Henderson**. He supported the policy of extending the suffrage to the emancipated blacks. General **Brown** was the central figure in the inception of the Liberal Republican party, which had its origin in St. Louis in 1870. He opposed the proscriptive features which then existed in the Constitution of Missouri, and favored the re-enfranchisement of those who had served in the Confederate army. He was a delegate in the Republican Convention, but when the platform of the radical element was adopted, he and those agreeing with him withdrew and held another Convention. He was nominated for Governor, and was afterward indorsed by the Democrats, then in a hopeless minority on account of the disfranchisement of "rebels." He was elected by a majority of over 40,000, and the Legislature became Democratic. Through the changes that followed, the Democratic party gained its ascendency in Missouri. At the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1872 he was a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination, but in the contest between the supporters of **Charles Francis Adams** and **Horace Greeley** he withdrew in favor of the latter, and was put upon the ticket for the second place. After his defeat he retired from politics, except that in recent years he has taken an active interest in prohibition, and used his exertions to promote that cause; and he was always esteemed by his neighbors as a worthy and public-spirited citizen. For several years he has practiced law in St. Louis, making a specialty of railroad cases. He had amassed considerable property, and left a wife and nine children.



NEW STATION OF THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD AT ONE-HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET.—From the Architects' Drawings.—[See Page 859.]



THE MEET OF A CANADIAN SNOW-SHOE CLUB.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 859.]

JIMMY'S PICTURE.

I.—MR. HARRINGTON'S DISCOVERY.

Mr. Seth Harrington adjusted the points of his fishing-rod, and tested the reel. These preliminary measures arranged to his satisfaction, he consulted his watch, yawned drearily, and demanded of the miller, "Where is the boy?"

"Here," said the boy, promptly.

Mr. Harrington languidly surveyed the boy, and the boy scrutinized him. Each opinion was unfavorable. The mature man scanned the bare feet, shabby raiment, and awkward form of a youth of eighteen, catching at external trifles. The boy beheld a pair of cold eyes, an aquiline face, and a dyed mustache with swift dislike, resentment, and a quickened heart-throb. What did he expect? Nothing.

Every path in life has its sudden curves, with fate waiting just beyond like a statue in a niche. Fate here was a young girl clad in yellow calico gown, with a little red handkerchief about her throat, and a battered straw hat falling back on her shoulders. She glanced down half shyly, and the elderly angler smiled benignantly; the next moment she looked up with a sudden smile, and he was dazzled.

"May she come too?" asked the boy, blushing.

"Of course," assented Mr. Harrington, blandly.

Fate, in her yellow gown, laughed gleefully, sprang up the path, and caught the boy around the arm with both hands.

"Your sister, I presume," hazarded Mr. Harrington, primly.

"Oh yes," replied the boy, as if surprised by the inquiry.

The midsummer day unfolded in sultry heat, a white mist brooded over the hills, and in the shadow of the woods the brook leaped and sparkled, its music suggestive of delicious coolness. The spot was so remote and inaccessible, so peaceful and drowsy, that it seemed impossible for tidings of the outer world to invade its seclusion. Mr. Harrington had cast his line; his young companions had seated themselves at a distance. A letter in his pocket still troubled our angler. It was a long letter, written with sisterly solicitude, and the substance of it was a desire that he should marry.

Nay, more, sisterly anxiety demanded that he no longer dally with the opportunity of selecting so admirable a wife as Mathilda Vereton, a lady suited to his own age and position. Mathilda Vereton was a faded woman of forty-five, with girlish manners, and an income currently estimated at ten dollars a minute. Mr. Harrington frowned at his fishing-rod. He was capricious concerning Mathilda Vereton, and winced at the allusion to his own age. A fish nibbled his bait and slipped off the hook. In sudden petulance he laid aside the rod and turned to again scan the pretty wood-nymph in yellow calico. Why? He was actuated by annoyance, resentment at sisterly anxiety, a dread of harsh truths. Mathilda Vereton was suited to his age, and he was expected to follow her to Europe.

The girl sat with hands folded and head slightly bent forward. Opposite, the boy held a paper on his knee, and was absorbed in sketching her portrait. The discovery interested Mr. Harrington, dilettant, man of leisure, endowed with æsthetic tastes. What if he, Seth Harrington, connoisseur, disciple of Ruskin, had also found a Giotto back among the Adirondacks? The girl crept close to him and touched his sleeve. She was a brunette, with small features and a certain piquancy of expression unusual in the American country maiden. Now her black eyes dilated with an intensity of excitement, the rich color came and went in her cheek; she was far quicker to divine results than was the boy at her feet.

"Jimmy can draw anything, sir. Oh, let me show you the pictures at home," she whispered, eagerly.

Mr. Harrington's gaze lingered on the peach-tinted young face upturned to his, and he consented. Alas! Mathilda Vereton was forty-five, and had long since lost that lovely youthful bloom.

The day was destined to be an eventful one, despite the drowsy calm of its outward aspect. Had not the fish nibbled the bait and then slid away, the fisherman would not have lost his temper and turned to discover the artist in his guide. Had he not subsequently visited the small red house on the hill where dwelt the genius, to examine the sketches on the walls, comprising dogs, horses, old women, trees, and the ever-recurring head of the pretty sister, he would not have sought the miller for details of their history. The miller, having accepted a choice cigar, seated himself on a log and imparted the requisite information. Jimmy was the late schoolmaster's nephew, and the girl, Hetty, had been picked up somewhere. The school-master had been a queer sort of man, always bringing home wounded birds, or wild creatures to tame, and one day it had been Hetty. She was French Canadian, likely, the miller opined. Well, he was dead, and the young people had not come across the town yet. They must work, somehow, for a living.

Mr. Harrington finished his cigar and meditated. The sun had set, and the evening shadows were deepening; already the moon peeped over the hill. Later, Jimmy stood on the threshold of the little red house holding Hetty's hand.

"I promised to always take care of her," said the boy, firmly.

"She is to accompany you," said Mr. Harrington, impulsively.

The gentleman had proposed to take Jimmy away for study; he was to become an artist. Incredible stroke of good fortune! Unexpected fulfillment of day-dreams! Then Mr. Harrington returned to the mill, humming a tune, pleased with the two young people and their warm gratitude. Need we add, still more pleased with himself?

II.—HETTY ENTERS THE WORLD.

On the evening of the 25th of August in the succeeding year Mr. Harrington was in Paris, ostensibly in pursuit of Miss Vereton, but in reality no nearer the proposal of marriage. He had dined at the Grand Hôtel with the heiress, and now she insisted on an evening drive, wearing the most coquettish of hats. Miss Vereton uttered exclamations of delight over her dear Paris as the carriage drove along. The Champs Élysées was brilliant with wreaths of tinted globes, garlands of light quivered amidst the dark shrubbery, stars gleamed overhead in the masses of foliage, and a central disk of radiance revealed a spot where Pleasure, with her ally Darkness, had converted bricks and mortar into a fairy temple, with dome, pillars, and walls of golden fire. A fringe of spectators gathered about the railing, and a barytone voice was audible. As the carriage of Miss Vereton paused near the garden, two figures entered the area of lighted entrance. These were youth and maiden; and the latter, clad in a plain blue gown, was so vividly illuminated by the gas-work that her beauty became an astonishing revelation to dozens of wondering masculine eyes. There she stood whispering to her companion, and peeping into this charming garden, half saucily, half shyly. Two Parisians, descending from their equipage at the same moment, scanned the girl boldly, and entered the gate; the boy and maiden followed.

Mr. Harrington was so taken by surprise that he jumped from the carriage, excused himself abruptly to the heiress, and entered the place. The previous day he had brought over his protégés, Jimmy and Hetty, to Paris from London, where the former had been studying. The whim had grown to a mania with him to guard, control, and manage these two young people. Jimmy's gifts must unfold at his bidding, and Hetty be educated under his own eye. The secrecy of this interest was its chief charm to the idle man. Good heavens! what trouble they were giving him! Hetty's beauty was not to be hidden under a bushel, as he would fain hide it from the gaze of mankind. His own family must know nothing of Jimmy the artist, nor Mathilda Vereton of Hetty. On the Calais boat the girl had made a spectacle of herself, for the wind having roughened the sea into spiteful, chopping wavelets, had finally wrenched off her hat, and blown the tendrils of silky hair about her pretty face. Hetty had assumed Jimmy's hat, and he had journeyed to Paris bare-headed.

The pair were now seated at a table half screened by evergreens, gazing about in delight at the lamps, the stage, the people.

"It is just like fairy-land!" exclaimed Hetty, rapturously.

"I call this fun," retorted Jimmy. He was a pale, meagre youth, with the large head, wide brow, and deep, thoughtful eyes usually inseparable to invalid childhood. When he smiled, his upper lip drew slightly aside, revealing sharp, transparent teeth.

"Press the top of the lemonade bottle—so. Good gracious!"

The fragrant beverage, responsive to their united efforts, suddenly jetted forth with such violence as to wash the glasses from the table and drench Hetty's gown. The girl giggled, Jimmy frowned, and one of the Frenchmen near sprang forward—thus saving his boots from a lemonade torrent—and murmured a few words of flattery in Hetty's ear. Hetty, dimpling, blushing, stole shy glances through her lashes at the handsome Frenchman with waxed mustache, and was not wholly displeased by his evident admiration.

"What silly things girls are!" said Jimmy.

This charming scene presented itself to Mr. Harrington. His two birds were hopping near the cat's ambush. He scanned the Frenchman with the prim indignation he was apt to bestow on younger, better-looking men than himself. "Why are you here, James? Oblige me by returning to your hotel directly, sir," said the guardian, in harsh accents.

Jimmy winced; Hetty shrank a little, and looked abashed. Never before had he spoken in that tone.

"I am to blame," the girl faltered. "Might we not take a walk?"

Jimmy moved away in silence; his face wore a cloudy, even haggard expression. The barytone again trolled forth his song on the stage; the lights twinkled; the people laughed. But the young strangers were banished from the gas-lit paradise ignominiously, the boy fierce, the girl perplexed.

"Did you find friends in the garden?" demanded Miss Vereton, in her carriage, when Mr. Harrington returned. "I do so long to peep at the Mabille. Shockingly naughty, is it not?"

"As you please," assented Mr. Harrington.

What had he taken upon himself? Jimmy was not developing a genius—would never be an artist. Hetty was so very pretty and young! If he should decide to marry her?

III.—A BIT OF JADE STONE.

Ten o'clock of a September morning in the Tuileries Garden, with *La petite Provence* as yet deserted by the sun-loving frequenters, one old man alone warming his chilled blood in the genial warmth. Hetty and Jimmy strolled near the old man, and admired the unsurpassed beauty of the spot. One might almost fancy that the Tuileries faced the Obelisk and Arch beyond waiting for the day when Prussian troops would march through the latter.

Mr. Harrington appeared on the terrace, somewhat testy in temper, after late hours and the exactions of Miss Vereton. At the same moment the old man rose from his chair and moved away. A wrinkled, shrewd face was turned toward the strangers a moment; then he took a red silk handkerchief from the pocket of his long brown coat, wiped his brow, and walked on. A small object fell from his pocket among the dead leaves of the path. Hetty saw it, and darted after the old man, holding out the recovered treasure. It was a fine specimen of jade stone, carved into semblance of an idol. Delight succeeded dismay on the old Frenchman's face; he uncovered his white head with grace, and taking the jade stone between finger and thumb, favored puzzled Hetty with a voluble explanation of its value.

"You are impulsive," observed Mr. Harrington, with the calm assurance of one permitted to dictate. "Frenchmen do not always understand impulse."

Hetty blushed and looked troubled. In the meanwhile the old Frenchman, having trotted the length of the terrace, turned and trotted back, beaming with smiles.

"If mademoiselle will some time do me the honor of visiting my place," he said, proud of his English, and producing a printed card:

Antoine Cruchet,
40 Rue de la Lune.

"Of course I will, and bring Jimmy too," said Hetty, warmly.

"These people consider us made of money," grumbled Mr. Harrington.

Then the old man departed finally, and Hetty could not refrain from returning his smile, despite Mr. Harrington's chilling disapproval, he was so wiry, brisk, and droll. She had not yet passed under the cloud, poor Hetty!

In the Tuileries garden, with the purple autumn bloom of atmosphere over all, and the dying leaves drifting from the trees, Hetty ventured to encourage, and dispel clouds.

"Jimmy will do great things here in Paris," she said, blithely.

"If he will only have the patience to copy great pictures understandingly," said Mr. Harrington, sourly.

"I will copy everything," said Jimmy, desperately.

Hetty alone believed in him with unswerving allegiance. How pretty she was! The sun detracted nothing from the satin softness of her cheek and rounded chin, but touched caressingly blooming youth, which defied it to detect blemishes.

Mr. Harrington, with the keen perception of feminine beauty peculiar to the old bachelor, looked at Hetty, vaguely disquieted by her amiability and unconscious sweetness. He experienced an impulse to snatch away this treasure from the gaze of the idle, curious city, to such seclusion as permitted of his sole admiration. The next moment he longed capriciously to banish her forever from his sight. She should be taught accomplishments here in Paris. Then his thoughts reverted to Miss Vereton with her large fortune. Why had not Hetty the fortune?

Rivers Tiber and Nile mingled their waters with Rhine and Moselle in the fountain; the flower beds glowed like rainbows of blended colors; children appeared trundling doll carriages. Hetty paused to watch one of the toy yachts on its voyage across the basin. It veered, tacked, and capsized, smitten by a zephyr. The girl sighed.

IV.—MONSIEUR CRUCHET'S VISITORS.

Monsieur Antoine Cruchet, having taken his coffee, had shuffled across the street, in his green carpet slippers, to say good-morning to his opposite neighbor, the pâtissier. The frosty air reddened Monsieur Cruchet's long nose, but the pâtissier, in linen cap and apron, stood in a square of sunlight on his own threshold—a fat little man of the Bacchus type, whose puffy cheeks were the best advertisement of those wares already piled on the counter in delicately crisp cakes and bombs of chocolate bursting with snowy cream. A dogmatic personage evidently, the pâtissier, emphasizing his words with every muscle of his body, while mild Monsieur Cruchet nodded gravely from time to time.

Soon the green carpet slippers shuffled back to the dark little shop, where their owner addressed an invisible presence thus:

"It is a bad business, this war. Our neighbor says—"

"Speak for thyself once, my Antoine," interrupted a sharp voice in the obscurity.

"War will disarrange all," added Monsieur Cruchet, in a higher key, suggestive of excitement.

"Is the blood in thy veins milk, *mon cher?*" Madame Cruchet appeared swiftly from a side avenue of disabled furniture hung with pieces of embroidered cloth, and adjusted a chamois-skin over her arm.

The shop was dingy with age; faded portraits of Flemish cavaliers loomed in dusky corners; a court beauty in ruff and pearls swung from a nail, devoid of frame, and was reflected in a Venetian mirror opposite; idols jostled ivory saints; a crystal chandelier hung above a state arm-chair of tarnished gilt and brocaded satin; tiles and enamels were artistically displayed with candlesticks, bronzes, and battered lanterns; the dial of a quaint clock pointed significantly to an hour momentous in some life history. Monsieur Cruchet was a collector, and delighted in his treasures.

Shadows darkened the door. Madame's frown melted to a smile; the politician was laid aside for the shop-woman.

"Good-morning," cried a fresh young voice. "We have come to see your things. Jimmy is so fond of old curiosities!"

Monsieur Cruchet received his guests with affability. Appreciation was balm to the little old man. Jimmy was eminently appreciative, and touched respectfully, intuitively, the best carvings. He led them to the side of the shop, his little grandchild Marie trotting beside him, paused before a pedestal, and opened a case of wood. Lo! a cabinet of exquisite workmanship was revealed, with pillars of ebony, medallions of mosaic set in silver, and terminating in flying angels on top.

"Florentine work, *quatorzième siècle*," he said, impressively.

This cabinet had represented a mine of wealth these two years as a pivot on which family matters turned. Its sale would elevate little Marie to the rank of heiress in the Rue de la Lune. She should journey to Trouville or Biarritz.

Hetty had uttered an exclamation of delight, and looking up, encountered the gaze of Mr. Harrington. She blushed and smiled uneasily, having learned to dread his disapproval.

"How did you find me?" she inquired, hurriedly.

"I did not follow you," he replied, in a dignified tone; and then he surveyed her dress critically.

"Is anything wrong?" faltered Hetty, coloring still more deeply.

"Wrong? What should be amiss? You are such an apprehensive child!" he whispered in her ear, with a lenient smile.

Poor Hetty sighed. She had been far happier in the yellow calico, when nobody had watched her.

A chill fell on Monsieur Cruchet's volubility. He regarded Mr. Harrington coldly, became brusque, even reticent, and closed the case jealously. Madame, who had stood at the gentleman's elbow, a stout woman in print gown and linen collar, type of the most seductive shopkeeper in the world, now interposed calmly, and showed the cabinet.

"Only five thousand francs, monsieur," she said.

"Six thousand," corrected her husband, shrilly.

Mr. Harrington scrutinized the mosaic, monsieur watching him warily; then as the possible purchaser shook his head, the old collector brightened, and madame glided off into other matters with unruffled composure. She had her revenge. His pockets were soon filled with trinkets irresistibly curious. How did she mark such subtle lines of difference? She had left the young people to her husband; instantly she recognized in Mr. Harrington the American, embodying unlimited riches, and willing to spend. Presently a shell box was produced containing a chain of linked gold, with a ruby dragon coiled in glittering scales as a pendant.

"Time of Henry Fourth, and so beautiful for a young lady, monsieur," she suggested, persuasively.

Mr. Harrington took the chain and clasped it about Hetty's throat; the dragon shed a rosy tinge on the white flesh.

"For me!" she exclaimed, incredulously.

"If you will accept it"—in his most courteous accents.

"Oh, how good you are!" cried Hetty, in a tone suggestive of remorse.

Jimmy fingered the ornament doubtfully. By what magic did it happen that an artist's portfolio lay within reach of Mr. Harrington's fingers?

"This will be useful for you, James," he said, with a faint inflection of patronage in his tone.

"Thank you, I don't need it," said the youth, sturdily. "We owe you so much already!"

Nevertheless, Jimmy departed hugging the portfolio. Care sat lightly on the boy and girl.

V.—JIMMY'S WINGS PROVE WAX.

Jimmy sat in the Louvre gazing moodily at his canvas. The old artist opposite glanced at him with a satirical smile; the eccentric English lady, with brown linen ulster and belt, who skimmed over Continental galleries copying bits of landscape, inquired kindly, "Are you ill?"

"No, madam," replied Jimmy, shortly.

The old artist opposite, with his white hair, cynicism, and untiring industry, was the bane of Jimmy's existence. He had once scanned the old artist's work, Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," and re-assured the copyist in lame French,

"I am a painter myself; I should like to copy that head," pointing to a Correggio.

"Ah! life is too short," said the old artist. "We do not fly while our wings are wax, however."

What did he mean by that?

"I will paint them all if I choose. See if I don't, old Frenchy!" soliloquized the American boy.

Here he was, after his year of stumbling drudgery, pricked by sharp thorns of failure and vexation, scorning advice, yet hampered by Mr. Harrington's admonitions. He had begun at the wrong end of a scale, and must inevitably descend instead of climbing higher. Often he tore up his sheets with angry haste; for already his wings of wax were melting, despite himself, in the glorious sun of the Louvre, and he was beginning to span, with terrified gaze, the immeasurable space fixed by fate between himself, puny copyist, and the sublime ranks of creators. Outside the Place du Carrousel spread a wide, shadowless expanse of white pavement. Jimmy had scarcely glanced at the Tuileries, from which the Empress Eugénie had just fled. Within the Louvre all was cool and still. To the right spread that gorgeous chain of royal scenes from Rubens's glowing brush; farther on, Murillo's infants, with soft, dimpled limbs, colored like a rose petal, smiled on adoring mothers. Jimmy sat and gazed stupidly at his canvas before the Christ of Leonardo da Vinci. How weak and thin were any colors of his mingling! How distorted, even unnatural, the outline of that noble head! If he closed his eyes he beheld the Christ, but to open them on his own work was to lose the glowing image. There was a dull weight of pain on the young artist's brain; languor crept through his veins; confused voices sounded in his ear. He rose and petulantly quitted the task. He shivered in the brilliant sunshine of the Place; strength deserted him, and he seated himself on the step of a great building. What had happened to his lower limbs? Then Jimmy seemed to pass into dream-land, or become a wholly different person. He experienced no surprise when Mr. Harrington and Hetty paused in a carriage, the latter recognizing him with a cry of delight. She had been given a holiday to go out with her guardian. Hetty was flushed, tearful, and distressed. Mr. Harrington smiled and took her hand. There was a diamond ring on her finger. In his dream Jimmy heard the voice of his benefactor, and it sounded a long way off.

"Hetty has promised to marry me. This is an engagement ring."

Jimmy was conscious of discordant laughter, of wild anger, grief, and pain. Then the absurdity! An old man, her father, her grandfather. Hetty belonged to himself. He seemed to be telling the white squares, the cruel houses, the trees, that Hetty belonged to him. Not his sister? What was she, then? Mr. Harrington's cold displeasure did not check the words of derision and ingratitude which flowed from his lips. His tongue was loosened; he was mad.

"You have been drinking, sir," said Mr. Harrington, severely.

The carriage must have paused, for Jimmy sprang out, and fled with unequal steps to his lodging. Hetty married to the benefactor who had become his tormentor! How the streets and houses reeled at the idea!

Mr. Harrington had decided to marry Hetty. Miss Vereton and her friends had been suffered to leave for Italy without a proposal. Other matters thrust themselves on his notice. France was involved in a disastrous war; Paris was threatened with siege. Already Paris had sacrificed the wood of Boulogne without wincing, filled quarries, undermined bridges, demolished suburban houses hurtful to defense. Accordingly on the day after Jimmy's rude and wild behavior, Mr. Harrington hastened to Hetty's school, desiring her to make preparations for departure. The civilian curiosity had held him near the skirts of war; civilian prudence now bade him flee. He was alarmed, excited, fretful.

"We must leave immediately. Every one is going away. I shall take you two back to England. Good heavens! what is the matter?"

"I could not see you at the hotel," cried Hetty. "Jimmy was found at his lodging delirious with fever, and has been taken to a hospital. Go to him at once. Pray do!"

Mr. Harrington's first thought was shocked alarm; his second, how very much trouble these young people were giving one on whom they had no claim. Hetty was scarcely recognizable; her face was sallow and sharp; her eyes were dim with weeping over Jimmy; her hair in disorder. Mr. Harrington could not refrain from asking himself if she would often look like this, if her beauty had fled like an impalpable essence, the gold dust on a butterfly's wing. He walked to the window; Hetty was stupefied by his lack of sympathy.

"I can do him no good by visiting him; it may prove small-pox. I will call and arrange that he has everything," said middle-age, tamely, and with puckered brow. "Hetty, you must come with me. We can be married in London."

She shrank and trembled. "What will become of Jimmy?"

"He shall have every attention, and is well off under hospital treatment. I do not believe in this siege; it is a French hysterical panic. We can return next week."

Hetty's pallor deepened; distressed irresolution gave place to a strange look in her dull eyes. She twisted the ring on her finger. Oh God! had it come to this? She was to desert Jimmy in a foreign land for this man.

"No," she said. "I am not afraid to stay with him."

A drum-roll sounded in the street.

"You must come, darling." He raised her pale face and kissed it.

Hetty shivered. "Oh, how I hate you for asking it!" she exclaimed. "Take your ring back, and leave me with my brother."

"Your brother! More likely your lover. You are not yet rid of me. Next week I shall return, and expect you to marry me. I receive a poor requital for all I have done. You deny the first favor I ask. Well, it is fortunate you have found such a benefactor, even if I am no saint." Mr. Harrington, unused to opposition, became angry and harsh.

"What do you wish me to do?" she demanded, timidly.

"Come over to London. When we are married we will surely return for Jimmy," he urged, relenting.

"I can not leave him," she said, in a sombre tone.

Mr. Harrington departed in haughty displeasure, still in love with Hetty, as he assured himself, and the girl felt as if the last door of escape had closed for her. Mr. Harrington did not return the following week. On the 15th of September the Third Division of the German army appeared, under the Crown Prince, and on the 16th the Fourth Division, under the Prince Royal of Saxony. Thus was the fair city surrounded by camps of steel, unmindful of her loveliness, bringing fire and destruction to her borders.

VI.—THE PICTURE.

On the afternoon of May 23, in the year of horror 1871, a youth emerged from Numero Quarante, Rue de la Lune, and moved away quickly, like a hunted creature. This human shadow was Jimmy, still feeble from illness, weary of violence, bloodshed, the boom of cannon, the ambulance of the wounded, and not knowing when the walls would fall about his own head.

The Versailles troops had forced an entrance into the city; the Commune, with terrible secrets still locked in its bosom, awaited them at the barricade of the Rue Royale, at the Porte St. Denis, and the Porte St. Martin. October had fluctuated between active work of strengthening forts and batteries, the battles of Chevilly, of Bagneux, of Malmaison, and listening to negotiations of M. Thiers for an armistice. November and December had brought darker hours of thousands slain and bitter cold, when nine hundred soldiers froze in their trenches. Cannon thundered at last from Gagny and Rainey, raining a furious storm on the forts of Rosny and Nogent, and on the 6th of January the city received her first shell. Now it was the mouth of May, and a day long to be remembered.

Jimmy made his way from sheltering wall to side street, often with a long detour to avoid a group of men or a barricade. Nobody noticed him. Terror, sharp anxiety, and sullen waiting characterized that day. He felt like a waif beaten about by the surges near a shore he would fain gain and be at rest. He reached the Louvre. The vast structure was closed and silent; his weak hand could not arouse the echoes by beating on the massive portals. A sudden frenzy possessed Jimmy. Had he come so far, skirting danger, for nothing? His first impulse was to beg admittance of the concierge. Refusal was inevitable. The little gardens of the Place Napoléon were already green with summer verdure; over yonder stood the deserted Tuileries. Jimmy climbed nimbly one of the columns to the balustrade and balcony; there was a shiver of falling glass, and he gained admittance. A pane of broken glass more or less was unnoticed on the 23d of May, 1871. Reckless violence had crept also into Jimmy's veins. He had dared to break a window in broad daylight. Would swift vengeance overtake him? He moved about, startled by his own light footfall on the polished floor, awed by the height of domes which gleamed bronze and gold above his head, and the ghostly sweep of velvet curtains. The pictures on the walls, robbed of rosy life-coloring by the dim light, watched him with solemn eyes; winged forms, filmy and cloud-like, seemed to detach themselves from frescoes and hover in mid-air. There was about the place an aspect of shrouded mystery, of hushed suspense. Jimmy felt himself to be in a hall of enchantment, scrutinized by many eyes, begging of the genii a clew to their secrets.

The Salle Ronde was white as moonlight, with its mosaic floor, and massive marble vase in the centre, divided by the wrought steel door of Henri II. from the Galerie d'Apollon, which still glowed with shafts of waning day. Jean Goujon's stern Huguenot face gazed down on Jimmy from the tapestry; the gilding of door and cornice glittered; the imprisoned rainbows of the glass cabinets broke into sparkles like expiring bubbles.

An hour later the young artist stood near the window he had broken, unable to quit the spot. Never would the opportunity recur to search the twilight of this temple alone. The stillness had become intelligible to him. Were the shackles of his own ignorance cast aside? Were reverence, perception, consolation, borne in upon his awakening soul? He stretched himself on a velvet-covered bench and gazed up at the ceiling—an attitude seldom vouchsafed an observer. Slowly the beauty of the fresco, held by birds with outspread burnished wings, dawned upon his senses as if a sea of golden light, rippling ever nearer, touched him gently, closed about him, and bore him up to those giddy cloud heights where an angel hovered with outstretched sword. His fancy was peopled with other scenes, glimpses of faces that smiled and vanished; but ever between and over all soared the majestic angel, extending the drawn sword above his head, above the town. Suddenly the clouds of the frescoes became red, and the angel, bathed in this new radiance from head to foot, flashed down like a falling star. There was a ruby gleam on the sword, in semblance of drops of blood.

"Hetty!" cried Jimmy, and seemed wrenched to an upright position.

Where was he? The fresco came and went in fitful light, a red glare rested on the wall, cabinets and velvet hangings glowed and sparkled. He ran to the broken window. The Tuileries was on fire; flames were bursting from one wing of the Louvre. While Jimmy had slept, a humble man, into whose care had been delivered the riches of generations of monarchs, had been threatened with martyrdom. The concierge of the library had been bidden by "le Comité du Salut Public" to pour petroleum into the archives of precious volumes and manuscripts, had refused, and been imprisoned in his own lodge.

Jimmy gazed out of the window, watching the wide-spreading destruction. To rush out was to perish; to remain was also to perish. The west side of the Tuileries was sheeted in fire; forked tongues hissed and sapped about the Pavillon de l'Horloge, while the Pavillon de Marsan was already crumbling to a heap of ruins. The work had been well planned; where gunpowder had exploded, vast rents yawned; where flames waxed faint, petroleum rekindled fierce heat. Somewhere in the cone of fire sat that statue of Peace whose silver limbs would emerge unscathed, whose golden cornucopia would still brim with flowers of plenty; but Jimmy beheld the clock tower blown up amidst sullen roar of falling masses, and heard the clock strike midnight before it yielded to the savage power of its conqueror.

Then Jimmy fled across the Place. A tall man pursued and overtook him. The fugitives tumbled, swerved, and fell; the tall man bent over his prostrate form. The sky was lurid; the ground was lurid; even the budding trees had acquired a tawny hue. The man, illumined by that background of devouring flames, stooped to slay Jimmy. Terror was the key to unlock all spells. Jimmy saw with acute, intense comprehension, with agonizing clearness of vision, mingled with despair, now that his last moment had come, the Communist in his gray coat, girded with a red belt, the savage ferocity of the deep eyes glittering beneath the shadow of his cap. Oh, that he could live!

A shot crackled sharply; the tall man fell across his feet.

In the mean while Madame Cruchet and Hetty were passing the fearful night on their knees. Hetty had found the hospital near the little shop in the Rue de la Lune, and madame, learning her story, had offered a modest apartment upstairs for her use. Hetty, heart-sore and weary, ran away from her school, and took refuge near Jimmy. Mr. Harrington, alarmed for both, sent balloon letters with money. The suburb where the school had been located was in ruins. Nimble fingers at Jimmy's late lodging sifted the envelopes of their bank-notes. On a bleak winter day Jimmy had come forth convalescent to also seek shelter in the Rue de la Lune. Hetty paid the rent with her trinkets.

When the voice of all those cannon spoke, little Marie could no longer venture out to play. The shop was closed; madame had gone to the municipal butcher. Little Marie sat in the back room, whither had been removed the Florentine cabinet. Lo! a chance shot shattered a wall, ploughed the ground, hurled a fragment through the small casement, and claimed such frail things in its deadly course as Marie in her chair and the cabinet. Heiress of the Rue de la Lune—Florentine work of mosaic, silver, and ebony; each had no longer need of the other.

"I must go out and find poor Jimmy." Hetty, with an aspect of frightened misery, roused Monsieur Cruchet thus.

A hasty rap on the door made her pause, while the old man responded to the summons. Jimmy emerged from darkness, took Hetty in his arms, and kissed her. Yes, he was alive, but pallid, excited, even distrait. In the little shop, where an idol sat on a shelf, and the quaint clock pointed to an hour momentous in some life history, there were sobs, caresses, questions, answers. Madame looked on with a set, grave face, such as she had worn since Marie's death.

"You should marry—you two," she said.

The youth and maiden glanced at each other and blushed. Could it be that their mutual affection was not that of brother and sister?

Days passed slowly: the Hôtel de Ville was blazing, the Vendôme Column had been scattered in fragments, the Palais de Justice was sharing the same fate, yet Jimmy took no heed of time. He had begun to trace on canvas an image glowing in his brain. Violence had been subdued, ruins were smouldering, when Hetty touched him on the arm.

"Oh, Jim! Mr. Harrington has written Monsieur Cruchet to find us, because we were once here, and inclosed a note for me. I am free from my engagement. How glad I am! He married a Miss Vereton several months ago in London."

Jimmy made no immediate reply. He stood with his arms folded and head thrown back, gazing at his picture. Hetty also saw a lurid sky, a rim of palace in the background, trees a tawny orange in the glare of conflagration, and in sharp relief a tall man, clad in a long coat with a red belt, stooping over a prostrate youth. "The Communist" was the picture destined to establish Jimmy's fame. He had awakened and beheld the path before him at last.

"Let us thank Mr. Harrington, and go home to America. Some day we will pay him back every penny," said the young artist.

Mr. Harrington, ever capricious, had been startled by the attentions of an Italian marquis to the heiress, Miss Vereton, and proposed on the spur of the moment. In the Rue de la Lune Monsieur Cruchet mends his Florentine cabinet. Madame spends much time at her devotions.

And Jimmy? His school is the world about him, the men and women he sees, the sunset clouds, and morning mists as they flit away before him in the portfolio of nature's studies.

ROBERT TOOMBS.

The most picturesque personage of the era of the rebellion passed away on December 15 when Robert Toombs died. He was the extreme product of that self-assumption, not to say vanity, of the old Southern society which was the natural complement of slavery. He was a man of great personal bravery, of most uncommon obstinacy, and of such intellectual power as to palliate, if not to excuse, his vanity. He was pronounced one of the very greatest of living Americans by three generations, each of which formed its judgment independently of the others—first by the men who had passed middle life when he achieved his youthful success at the law and in politics, then by his associates in the late Confederate government and army, and then by the *post-bellum* generation which knew him only in his retirement.

When General Grant wrote from his sick-room the letter to General Simon B. Buckner, whose surrender he had received twenty years before at Donelson, he noted two exceptions to the prevailing feeling at the South of satisfaction with the re-establishment of the Union. In giving this letter to the public General Buckner discreetly masked by expressive blanks the names General Grant had written, but there was no chance of mistaking the persons whom the author of the letter had had in mind—Jefferson Davis was one of the two irreconcilable Southerners, and Robert Toombs was the other.

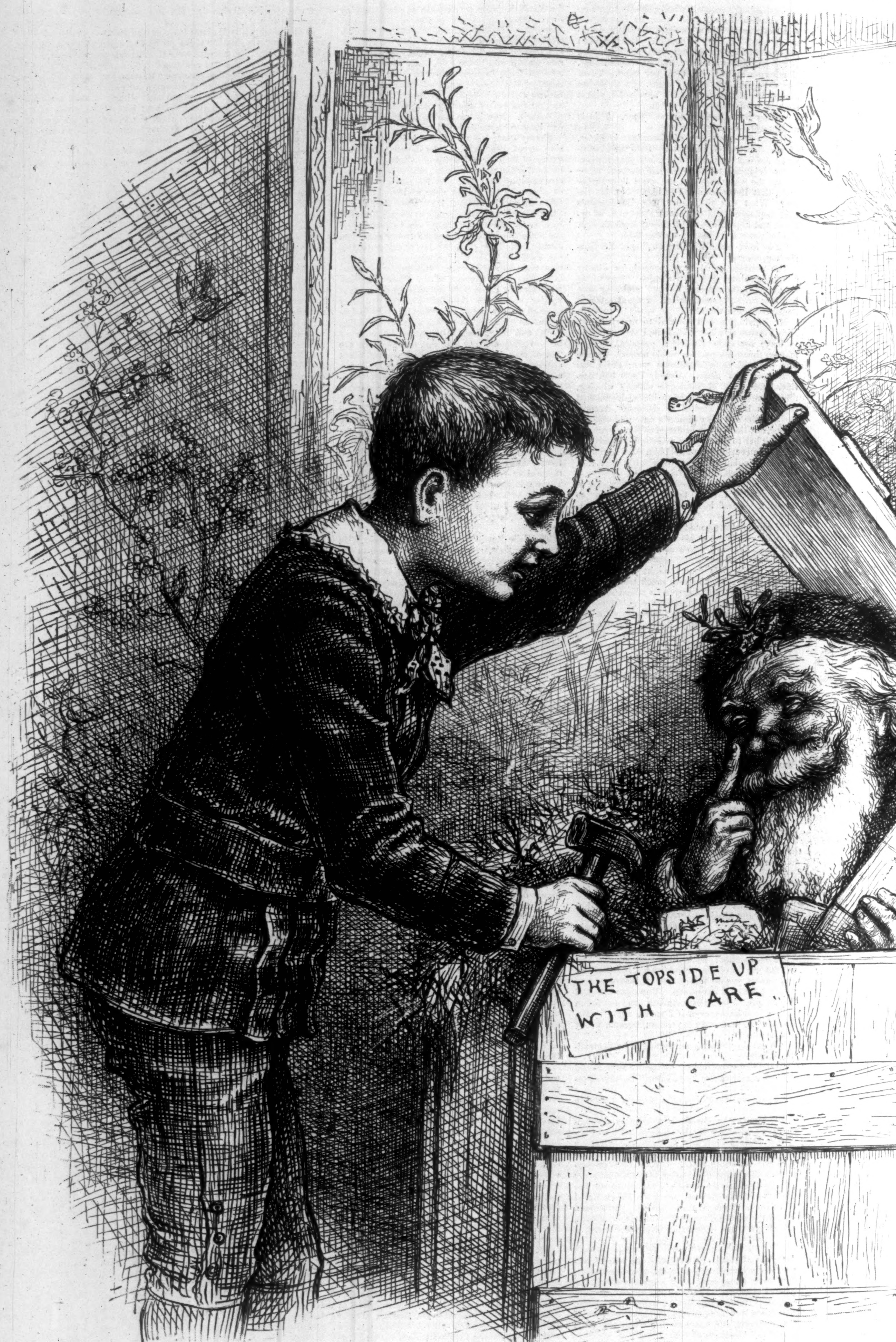
He was born July 10, 1810, at Washington, Georgia, which claims the distinction of being the first town that was christened with this name, and near which, by reason of the capture there of Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the Confederacy, it may be said that unhappy government had its collapse. His father, who came of good English stock, went to Georgia from Virginia as an officer of the Revolutionary army, and settled on the land granted him by the Governor of the State—land which Robert Toombs inherited, and on which he lived all his life. Educated at the University of Georgia, at Union College in New York, and at the University of Virginia, he was admitted to the bar, by special act of the Legislature of Georgia, when he was but twenty years of age. His professional fees and the profits of speculations in Texan lands soon made him rich. He did military service as Captain of a company of volunteers in a campaign against the Indians in Alabama, and in his twenty-eighth year he began his political career in the Legislature of Georgia, of which he was a member continuously, except during one session, until 1844, when he was elected to Congress. After eight years' service in the House, he was elected a member of the United States Senate in 1853, and he was re-elected for a term that would not have ended, but for the rebellion, till 1865. It is said that he was never defeated in a popular election.

Mr. Toombs recently declared that he was not the arrant secessionist that it has been said he was. He supported Breckinridge for the Presidency in 1860, and he favored the Crittenden resolution touching slavery. But he believed in States' rights, even to the right of secession; and on November 23, 1860, just after the election of Lincoln, he wrote to his constituents advising them to secede. In the following January he proclaimed the right of secession from his seat in the Senate, and he left that body without taking the trouble to resign, and he was expelled on March 14. It was chiefly through his efforts that Georgia hastened to pass an ordinance of secession. He would perhaps have been elected President of the Confederate States if he had desired it, or allowed his name to be presented at the Montgomery Convention. He had refused a portfolio in the cabinets of Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Taylor, but he became Secretary of State in the Davis cabinet, provisionally and against his own wish. He soon resigned the place, and was made a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army. General Longstreet has said of him that he was as brave a soldier as ever went into battle; but even as a soldier he would not submit gracefully to authority. When Secretary Stanton, in 1865, issued an order for his arrest, he made his escape after the soldiers who had gone to apprehend him had arrived at his house. He went to Cuba, thence to France, and thence to England, where he became a barrister; but in 1867 he returned to Georgia by way of Canada, and spent the rest of his life at the place of his birth. After the war he added to his fortune, which he had preserved, by the practice of the law, and his estate is thought to be worth not less than half a million dollars.

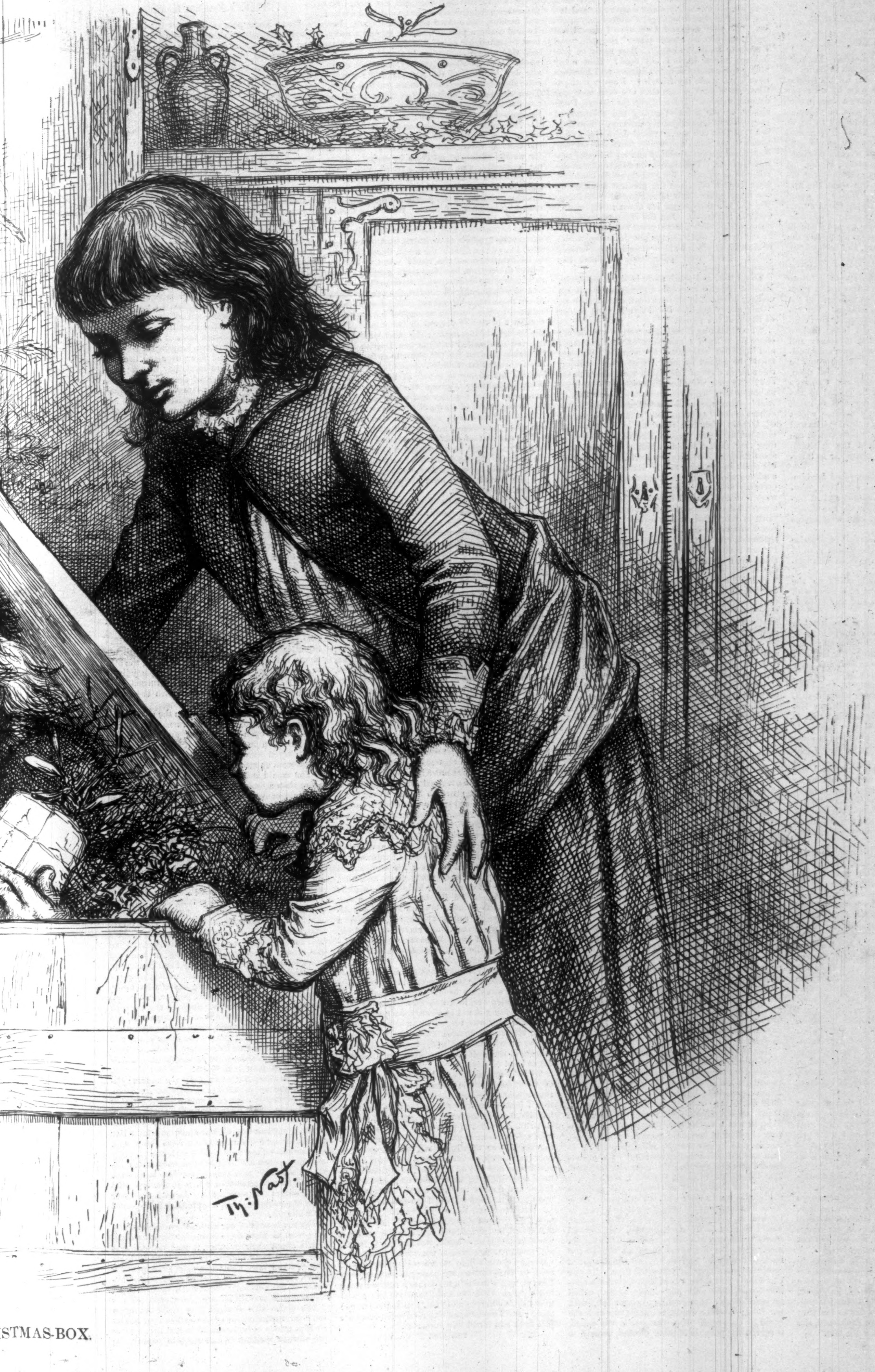
Mr. Toombs regarded the national government as a sort of temporary creation of the sovereign States. Among his personal acquaintances were several of the framers of the Federal Constitution who held most firmly to the States' rights doctrine. Indeed, he had known every President from Jefferson to Lincoln, and he probably never thought of the Union as more firmly established than it was when Washington retired. He would not accept the pardon of Congress. "Pardon me!" he has been quoted as saying, in speaking of the members of Congress. "Why, I have never pardoned them yet."

Many of the characteristic sayings of Mr. Toombs have become current, some of which he has denied. He said not long before his death that he never made the boast that he would drink all the blood that would be spilled in the war, or that more famous one that he would count his slaves around the foot of Bunker Hill Monument. He always said, however, that the Constitution was a bad patchwork, and he did not believe that the union of the States would be perpetual. Above all other things he loved the State of Georgia. He once remarked in court, when a lawyer had cast a slur on the credit of the State, "May it please the Court, Georgia will pay her debts; if she does not, then I will pay them." He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1877, and when the question was raised as to the legality of allowing pay for the prolonged session of the Convention, he paid $30,000 himself to defray the expenses of prolongation, and trusted the State (not in vain, either) to re-imburse him when the next Legislature should be convened. He once spoke of himself as an equal of Plato, and his native county in Georgia, he thought, had produced as many great men as any territory of the same extent in the world. To the day of his death he expressed a poor opinion of Jefferson Davis, to whose "West Point notions" he ascribed the failure of the Confederacy. It is said that an agent of a railroad during the war forbade the running of a train which was to convey General Toombs's soldiers, unless they were commanded to extinguish the dangerous fires they had built on the floors of the cars. General Toombs threatened to throw the agent into the furnace of the boiler; he discharged the engineer, and ran the train himself.

There was no more hospitable man in Georgia than he, and none in the Union whose guests could enjoy more interesting reminiscences or, as a recent visitor expressed it, more "princely talk." After the death of his accomplished wife (who was a Miss Dubois, of South Carolina) he became a communicant of the Methodist Church, but it is said that he never got rid of his habit of profanity. His sight began to fail a year ago, and his mind became impaired soon afterward. But he had periods of sanity, and on the day of his death he recognized his grandchildren and friends. He was a man of rigid integrity, of rare eloquence, of great power, and of greater pride—the most remarkable figure of the Confederacy, and the greatest man, certainly in stubborn force, ever born in the South. He enjoyed the veneration of his neighbors and the esteem of the Georgians till the day of his death


THE TOPSIDE UP
WITH CARE

A CHRIST



STMAS-BOX.

HALF-WAY.[*]

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE Dean went home not ill pleased. Naturally he would have preferred an English bride for his son and an English bridegroom for his adopted daughter. But the days are gone by when parents and guardians expect to have a voice in such matters, and all that he had seen of Camma's new relations, and Millison's relations to be, inspired him with confidence. These D'Harcourts and Hervés were evidently estimable people, solid alike as regards character and worldly position; above all, affectionate, disinterested, kindly. A travelled man, a man of the world, moreover, the Dean could appraise at their full value the first qualities as well as the last. Whilst he would have been perfectly satisfied to see Camma married to a rising curate like Aubrey Sheldrake, and Millison wedded to a simple parson's daughter, it yet pleased him to count on his fingers the respectable titles, civil, military, and ecclesiastic, possessed by various members of the D'Harcourt family. It gratified him to think that no matter how Millison or Eugène might shape their future career, whether they failed or succeeded in whatever they should undertake, they belonged to the best, most honorable, class in France. Yet another satisfactory thought. Fortunately for themselves, Millison and Camma had fallen in love with just the character needed to steady and complete their own. The young man's enthusiastic, impassioned, easily biassed nature would be balanced by Jeannie's quiet decision and deep, although undemonstrative, earnestness. Camma's noble, girlish impulses would be guided by the gay, brilliant, yet by no means purposeless, much less volatile, Eugène. Jeannie's brother, whilst possessing a far larger share of animal spirits and versatility than herself, by no means lacked the steadfastness of conviction and the spiritual-mindedness that rendered her character so interesting.

Thus much the Dean had discovered for himself, and, after all, he reflected, attractive, dowered in equal degree alike of nature and of fortune, Camma's safest place is that she has chosen—the hearth of a true-hearted man who adores her.

The mere fact of an officer so full of promise exchanging military glory for the thorny path of a legislator moreover inspired the Dean with confidence in Camma's husband.

Aubrey Sheldrake's comments alike on the marriage and the betrothal were of a piece with his views of the French nation and way of looking at things generally.

"It was only natural," he said, although not in his uncle's hearing, "that some dowry-hunting Frenchman should have found Camma out; I can only hope that she won't encourage her husband in play, and give her whole time to the toilet, after the manner of his country-women."

With regard to Millison's prospects, social and domestic, Aubrey was briefer, more pungent still.

"What can we say about the Millison Metholds?" he said. "Absolutely nothing that is satisfactory; so it is best to hold one's peace. If this Anglo-French marriage does not end in some shocking catastrophe, I shall be agreeably surprised. That is all I can say."

The future of Camma and her husband was easily defined. The military career was to be given up as soon as possible, and a modest home made in Paris for the accommodation of the future legislator. But their real home, the home of summer-time, of holidays, of the affections, would ever remain that pleasant Burgundy Camma had learned to love so well.

Not far from Velours was a little country house with garden and vineyards for sale. Here they should spend the best part of the year, Eugène occupying his leisure with rural pursuits and agricultural interests. A cottage was assigned to Anatole and the flawless Fanny, who were to take charge of farm and dairy, whilst Mrs. Brindle was made more than happy with the prospective supervision of the poultry-yard.

"I shall have time here to think of what I ought to do if ever I am elected Deputy," Eugène said to his young wife, as they surveyed their new possessions. "Heart, yes; I can put heart into the business of law-making. But when did heart alone suffice to save a nation? Here in France, and I presume it is the same in your England also, we want first the wise man, then the saint, the single-minded. Not the heart of the French Shakespeare, our great Hugo himself, has rendered greater service than the cool, common-sense of our advocate of the Jura. A certain kind of moral miracle I believe in. But we must regulate our lives and do our daily work without counting on the Jeanne d'Arcs."

Camma made answer, looking at that moment the very impersonation of guilelessness, confidence, and joy: "Do try to do away with rags and starving children. That is why I want you to become a Deputy. I can not bear to think of the misery in the world when my own life is so happy."

"Well," Eugène replied, gayly, "I hope the five hundred and fifty-seven representatives of the French people are not the only benefactors we have. If your ambition for me is never realized, we must see what we can do in humbler spheres of usefulness. I might, at least, back our village folk's appreciation of Beethoven, and you instruct them in the art of making a plum-pudding."

As yet Jeannie would only permit Millison to talk of the future vaguely. True, she was his senior by two or three years only, but on her side was the larger share of experience, judgment, deliberateness of purpose. He felt for the present bound to listen to her. As far as her own inclinations and sympathies were concerned, she looked toward England. There, she felt sure, they should ultimately make their home and follow their respective callings, whatever they might be. "In your England, I am sure I should feel transported to my proper place," she said, "and I seem to know it already. How many of your modern novels have I not read? How many nineteenth-century English heroes and heroines have I not made my friends? I am a true patriot, but in more senses than one even now your country-woman. The sobriety, the reserve, I was almost on the point of saying the coldness, of your national temperament please me. You English (not that you are a typical John Bull), so it seems to me, harm no one but yourselves by your traditional imperturbability and icy behavior carried to excess. The utmost you do is to affront the self-love of others. We French, on the contrary, often render ourselves the greatest injustice by our incorrigible habit of smiling at everything. We are in consequence set down as the nation that can not frown. But the righteous frown is not wanting when a moral crisis comes. We are in reality the most serious people in the world. It must be so, since we have done the most serious things. Even your phlegmatic England has stormed no Bastile."

To all this, and much more in the same strain, Millison listened lover-like and respectful, always ending, however, by an impatient, even desperate, "Only marry me, and I will live in what corner of England you please."

"You speak as if marriage were a specific for every ill, in itself a guarantee of all the virtues and felicities attainable by mortals. But, my friend, be guided by me. Do not seek to bring these sweet days of friendship too quickly to an end! As your wife, I could hardly help you now so much as I help you remaining your friend. And"—here she smiled, anticipating Millison's aghast look—"as far as I am personally concerned, I could wish our relations to continue unchanged for years, perhaps forever. Is the wedding ring, then, a talisman hiding the faults and short-comings of husband and wife, like the invisible cloak in the fairy tale? Rather regard it as a microscope which, if it exaggerates excellencies, certainly does not lessen defects. You will always love me dearly, I know; I should not have accorded that life-long promise but for the utmost faith in you. But though lovers to-day, we are common mortals to-morrow! Perhaps the best, tenderest, most pathetic part of wedded love may be that born of forbearance necessitated on both sides, and pitifulness for failings commonly shared."

Still Millison reiterated, "Only marry me," and Jeannie at last promised to lend a more willing ear to the request in six months' time. Meanwhile they were not to be rudely separated. Before finally settling down, Camma and Eugène, accompanied by the devoted Brindle, decided to travel for a few months, visiting the south of France and Italy, and arriving in England with the cuckoo. Jeannie and Millison would go too; to them, also, the spell of foreign travel being snatched, so at least they fondly hoped, from a busy, engrossing life to come. As yet their plans were vague, but the spring might bring them with the primroses.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

BUT in spite of these cheerful prospects, a nightmare sat on Ann Brindle's soul. A shadow overcast her spirit which she could not dispel. She was as one burdened with some hidden crime—weighed down with some awful secret, taking part in the daily business without any cheerfulness, present in the body whilst the mind occupied a far-off and gloomy habitation. Most of us, at some time or other, find ourselves in Ann's predicament, possessing an incubus in the shape of a bundle next to impossible to get rid of. Maybe we have made up a parcel of discarded wigs and chignons, or of those convenient fictions in ivory that wear out as well as the resemblers nature gives us; or, to go to subjects more romantic, the incubus may be an enormous packet of old love-letters, now so much meaningless lumber, which fire will not burn, water will not drown, earth will not reduce to dust; such a bundle, no matter what it contains, seems endowed with a hydra-like vitality.

Ann's old man of the sea was a certain black roll she had carried away from the pleasant Burgundian capital, and desperately wanted to shake off, but although they were now in the seventh day of their travels, deliverance seemed as remote as ever.

Her dilemma began on the eve of the start southward. Weeks and weeks before she had hidden away the priest's robe and the nun's dress, as she persisted in calling the costume of a Protestant deaconess; but when the packing up for final departure came, there they were again! What should she do with them? Her first thought was a thrifty one. Both garments, it is true, signified to her mind something outlandish, contrary to human nature, alike displeasing to man and offensive to Heaven; but as she scrutinized first one and then the other, she hesitated. The bombazine forming the skirt, though very coarse, was strong and serviceable. A petticoat made of it would wear well. The bonnet, too—'twas a scarecrow of a bonnet—yet many a poor old woman, living at home on a parish allowance, would be glad on't. And the veil, well, the veil would make very nice neck-handkerchiefs for old men. Suppose she saved them all till she got back to her native Suffolk? Next she examined the priestly lendings, and first the robe. No one could deny that there was at least a good ten-shillings' worth here; the ingredients, as Ann called the stuff, were a trifle peculiar, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl; in other words, no fabric to which she could give a name. But whatever it was called, it served the purpose of other clothes, namely, to cover nakedness and keep out the cold. She measured it lengthwise and crosswise, and winked and nodded, and nodded and winked again. Yes, 'twould make a pair of trousers, ay, and a waistcoat to match, for old Ned Smith, who kept himself tidy on grave-digging and half a crown a week. It was her bounden duty, no matter where she was, to think of the poor; and the priest's robe should be saved and cut up for Ned Smith. Then she paused, hesitatingly. They might be months on their travels. Their boxes were to be opened, so Camma said, on the front tier, the front tier of what she could not conceive, but opened these boxes must be. How could she conceal these bulky garments? And not for worlds would she let them be espied. Camma, certainly, was already married, and could not go into a nunnery, no matter how much the sight of the black gear might move her thereto; but she trembled at the possible effect upon the more impressionable Millison. What if he should be suddenly possessed with the old desire and the old enthusiasm, and, putting on these dreaded garments—symbols of darkness, in Ann's eyes—steal away like a thief in the night, this time never to be overtaken on the road? Ann at last refolded the clothes, handling them gingerly, much as if they were infected with the cholera microbe.

A thorough-going Methodist, the very thought of the Pope made her aghast. The wretchedness endured by the Dean on account of his son's conversion was vividly present to her mind. Then she thought of the future: she pictured Millison, married and settled in some fine English home, blooming children for the Dean to gather to his knee. And that thought destroyed old Ned Smith's last chance of a pair of black trousers. With astonishing alacrity the garments were compactly rolled together and made into a bundle, to be got rid of on the first opportunity.

They had now been a week on their travels, and more than once Ann's heart leaped.

The moment of deliverance seemed at hand. One day the little party crossed a wide river on the railway. It was dusk; the four weary travellers drowsed; up started Ann, and in another second the parcel would have disappeared but for Camma's interference.

"Ann, dear," cried the young lady, "do let me have that nice soft bundle of yours under my head."

Inwardly groaning, poor Ann complied, and the burden was hers to bear for one day—how many days!—more.

Upon another occasion, when spending the night in a large hotel, the happy thought occurred to Ann to leave the bundle behind. She had slept on an upper story, and they left early in the morning, when, what with the departure of dozens of travellers, all was confusion and bustle. Ann began to breathe freely. The train seemed on the point of moving off. Yes, there could be no doubt of it, she was rid of her bundle, when, lo! a crisp, cheery voice—"Madame has forgotten her little parcel," awakened her from her dreams, and the bundle was tossed into the carriage just as the train began to glide out of the station.

The matter at last began to weigh upon Ann's spirits. She could realize now with almost sympathetic horror the difficulties besetting the path of thieves and murderers. If so arduous the task of getting rid of anything perfectly harmless, what must theirs be who wanted to liberate themselves from criminal objects, stolen goods, proofs of guilt, or an incubus more horrible still?

The sight of the sea revived Ann's fading hopes. The sea could but prove to her, as to many another sorely burdened soul, a god of deliverance. The sea told few tales. At any rate it would tell none of Ann Brindle. Once her secret confided to the deep, she was rid of it forever.

To Ann's indescribable joy the travellers on the impulse of the moment decided to cross the sea. Eugène wanted to show his companions that earthly paradise of thirty years ago, now, alas! a mere bit of rattling, fashionable, worldly prose, that might be Brighton but for a few swart faces and palms. So they started for Algiers. The vessel sailed at night-fall, and soon a brilliant moon brought all travellers on deck. The Château d'If could be seen to great advantage, and lives the soul, careless or saintly, who has not read *Monte-Cristo?*

Ann's heart beat quickly as she noted the sudden stir among the passengers and the direction of general attention to one point. She had the bundle under her feet, and now lifted it to her side. Looking round cautiously she saw that everybody's face was turned in an opposite direction; she stood up and glanced round again, leaned a little forward, and, plump-plash, to the bottom of the Gulf of Lyons went the black bundle at last!

"Well," mused Ann, as breathing a deep sigh of thankfulness she reseated herself, "there they are, and the best place for such like! Not that I have a word to say against any one nursing the sick or preaching the Gospel, God forbid! But that the Lord is pleased to see man or woman aping the nuns and monks of old, and making scarecrows of themselves, and forswearing holy matrimony, which makes a home for a man and keeps him out of mischief, and gives a woman a sweet babe to call her own, and brings father and mother together when evil days come upon them, as they will—I'll never believe it, not I. But I've much to be thankful for, I'm sure, now that I've got rid of the bundle. My darling is married, and the Dean's son, like the prodigal, was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found, and though their choice is not what I could have wished, we can't help where we are born and bred, or what country we belong to; and though I say it, who shouldn't, my father's father having lost a leg at Waterloo, and Bonaparte being used to eat little children and that, I've found out one thing since I crossed the water—French folks are just flesh and blood like ourselves."

THE END.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1499.

THE PEACOCK PIE.

THE "Xmas pecoke pye" has been a favorite English Christmas dainty for time out of mind, and the old books on cookery offer many directions for the preparation, from the shaping of the "coffyn," or crust, to the final "arraye" of the plumage. The very term for carving, given in WYNKYN DE WORDE'S *Boke of Kerving*, published in 1508, shows the consideration in which the noble bird was held—"disfigure that pecoke." To make a peacock pie, treat the bird carefully from the first, in order to preserve the beauty of the plumage. The tail must be cut off attached to the rump, the wings taken from the body so as to hold their feathers, and the head separated so that many of the neck feathers are held by the skin; the flesh can be cut away from the skin subsequently, and the feathers carefully cleansed while the bird is being cooked. After the plumage is removed that is to decorate the pie, free the bird from feathers and pin-feathers, singe it over a little alcohol lighted on a plate, or over a piece of burning paper, and then wipe it with a wet cloth, and draw it without breaking the intestines. Cut the bird in joints, and stew it, in enough boiling water to cover it, until it is tender, with a palatable seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg. When the bird is tender, put it into a dish lined with good pastry; put around it the yolks of a dozen hard-boiled eggs, a cupful of boiled or roasted chestnuts freed from shell and skin, and a dozen balls of sausage meat, or veal force-meat. Put two heaping table-spoonfuls each of butter and flour over the fire in a saucepan, and stir them until they brown; then gradually stir in enough of the water in which the peacock was boiled to make a good sauce. Use part of this sauce to moisten the pie, and reserve the rest to heat and serve with it. Cover the pie with pastry, wetting the edges to make them adhere. Ornament the top crust according to fancy; brush it with beaten egg, and bake the pie in a moderate oven for an hour, or until the crust is nicely browned. If the pastry browns too quickly, cover it with buttered paper. When the pie is done, make a little hole in the top crust, fill the pie with gravy. Arrange the plumage about the pie, which must be set upon a larger dish, and send it to the table as our illustration shows.

The ideal "pecoke pye," like all English game pies, is served cold. It is much more elaborate than the one described, and equally much more effective. A beautiful compromise may be suggested in the form of a peacock boned and cast in aspic jelly, like the boned turkey described in the Baltimore Recipes, an inch of the jelly being first cooled in the bottom of an oval mould at least an inch larger in every direction than the boned bird. The peacock is laid upon this cold jelly, and then more jelly, warmed until it is liquid, is added, and cooled by degrees until the mould is filled, thus completely inclosing the bird in clear amber jelly. When the aspic jelly is entirely cold, the *galantine* can be turned from the mould and covered in part with the lovely feathers—a royal dish in truth.

A raised peacock pie is made in the ornamental metal moulds sold at house-furnishing stores. The moulds open upon hinges, and thus release the pie when it is baked. It may be more or less covered with the plumage, fastened upon it by skewers or white of egg.

The mould is lined with a plain pastry of not more than a quarter of a pound of shortening to a pound of flour, a tea-spoonful of salt, and just enough cold water to make a stiff paste. This is rolled out about an inch thick, and then fitted into every depression of the mould by pressure with the fingers, the mould having been first thickly spread with cold butter. The mould being lined, the bird is prepared. Remove the plumage of a small peacock, free it from feathers, and singe off the hairs. Lay the bird upon the table, and bone it like a turkey by cutting the skin and flesh down the back, and cutting it off close to the carcass; take out the wing and leg bones, and lay the flesh upon the table, skin down. Make enough force-meat to replace the carcass and to fill in the space between the bird and the pie crust; use chopped fresh veal, or veal and chicken, or equal quantities of veal and fresh pork, or substitute good sausage meat; to each pound of force-meat add a raw egg, a glass of wine, and a rather high seasoning of salt, pepper, and mixed spice. Fill the skin and flesh of the peacock with this force-meat, shape it in a large roll, and put it into the pie mould, filling all the interstices with the force-meat; put on the cover of the pie, wetting the edges to make them adhere. Cover the pie with buttered paper, and bake it in a slow oven for at least four hours. To test the pie, run a thin sharp knife blade into the middle; decide by the appearance of a little of the force-meat drawn from the very centre of the pie if it is well done. The force-meat will be light brown, as also will be the gravy, as compared with the pinkish appearance of uncooked meat. After the pie is done it can be taken from the mould, and served either hot or cold, with the plumage arranged about it. If it is to be used cold, a little melted aspic jelly may be run into it through a small funnel inserted in a hole in the top crust under one of the ornaments. As with the other ways of serving peacock, the plumage is displayed upon the pie.

For the benefit of our out-of-town readers who may wish to have these beautiful birds as ornaments about their grounds, it may be said that they are no more difficult to raise than turkeys. The pea-hen lays about five eggs of a grayish-white, making her nest in some retired spot, because of the decidedly Malthusian propensity of the peacock to kill all the unfeathered chicks it can find. One straight peck delivered upon the unprotected crown of the callow bird settles its aspirations to be beautiful in this life. After the slender feathers of the aigrette appear, the young birds seem to be secure from this murderous assault, and wisely the hen hides them until the danger is past. The hen sits for nearly a month, and then the chicks stay in the nest for several days. The food of the full-grown birds is insects, small reptiles, grain, and fruit. Pied peacocks are not unusual, but white ones are as rare as they are beautiful. **Juliet Corson.**

CANADIAN SNOW-SHOES.

Snow-shoeing is one of the prime winter amusements in Canada; it is as fashionable as lawn tennis, and even more exhilarating. To be deft on the snow-shoes is regarded in Montreal society as quite as much of an accomplishment as to be nimble on one's toes in the ball-room. Fashionable young gentlemen and fashionable young ladies, who would regard it almost as a social solecism to go on foot in the pursuit of other amusements, skim over the crystallized surface of snow-covered hills and vales with no other aid to locomotion than that afforded by their own strong limbs, and seem to enjoy the sport. A picture is published in this issue showing the preparations for "the start" of one of the fashionable snow-shoe clubs of Canada.

The Canadian snow-shoe differs as materially from the snow-shoe in use in the Rocky Mountains as a cat-boat differs from a catamaran. The Canadian snow-shoe is more like a gigantic tennis bat or old-fashioned battledoor than anything else. It is never fastened securely to the foot, but contains simply a toe-piece by which the wearer pushes it along over the crusted snow, his heels being entirely free. It is turned up at the forward end to prevent its burrowing in the snow, and the art of the snow-shoer consists in being able to half lift and half push the contrivance rapidly and evenly.

The snow-shoes in use throughout the mountainous regions of Colorado consist of long, narrow boards turned up at one end, which are laced to the feet, and which, having smooth under sides, are used like sleds in descending the mountains. There is a legend extant in Colorado of a famous snow-shoe race, in which the competitors, while descending a steep hill, inadvertently turned their toes outward at too great an angle, and were all as neatly split open from the crotch to the top of the head as was ever a Christmas pig by a butcher's cleaver. No such dire disaster as this is possible in the use of the kind of snow-shoes herewith illustrated. The Rocky Mountain snow-shoes, it must be borne in mind, are frequently more than twenty-two feet in length, and act like independent steel runners on the glassy surface of the frozen snow.

The costume of the Canadian snow-shoer is decidedly picturesque, and the inspiriting scene presented by a well-equipped club in full swing over the frozen fields, the leader's horn awakening distant melodious echoes, and the cheeks of the travellers rosy with the exertion of the sport, is one calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of the beholder. A snow-shoeing jaunt in Canada is usually followed by a hot supper and a merry dance. Small wonder that the pastime is popular!

A NEW UP-TOWN STATION.

There is published this week the picture of a railway station from the plans and drawings of Messrs. R. H. **Robertson** and A. J. **Manning**, architects of this city. It is an attractive edifice on paper, and to a very large portion of the city's inhabitants it will be a most welcome structure when completed. Did the line of any railroad in this country pass within fifty miles of a town of 150,000 population, it would be only a matter of a few days when a branch road would be extended from such line to accommodate the travel to and from such town. Railroads are not in the habit of ignoring settlements of that size. And yet for years and years the Hudson River and Harlem railroads have passed through that populous region known as Upper New York without making any attempt to provide for the interests of the inhabitants. There is a small station known as Mott Haven, just across the Harlem River, at which a few local trains are in the habit of stopping, but if any resident of the northern end of the island desires to make a trip to Albany or beyond, he is to-day compelled to express his baggage and to transfer himself to the Forty-second Street Station before being permitted to begin his journey. Residents of Harlem, Mott Haven, Fordham, and Westchester County generally, in returning from their summer life in the country, have the discomfort of seeing all their luggage swept by their homes, so to speak, and dumped out in the general pile at Forty-second Street, and have as well the privilege of paying exorbitant express charges to get it to the north end of the island again.

It is with a view to remedying this very unreasonable state of affairs that the management of the New York Central Railroad has decided to build a large station at One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth Street. The plan of the building illustrated in this issue will in all probability, with perhaps some few modifications, be accepted for the station in question, and it is expected that work upon its construction will be begun early in the spring, and will be pushed to rapid completion. The station will have a frontage of 185 feet parallel with and on the west side of the railroad track, and will extend 105 feet on One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth Street. The style of architecture is Romanesque, and is a decided departure from the old four-walled railway stations so general throughout the country. It will be built of brick and stone, with terra-cotta trimmings, and its roofs will be red-tiled. The plans call for a large waiting-room, vestibule, loggia, restaurant, and news stand, in addition to the ticket offices and baggage-room on the ground-floor. Above-stairs there will be a spacious ladies' parlor. As will be seen by reference to the accompanying picture, this station will have an interior yard or court. The Fourth Avenue horse-cars, and all carriages, express wagons, etc., will drive directly into this yard, so that there will be no street obstruction. A foot-bridge will be thrown from the station over the railroad tracks.

It is the purpose of the company to stop all express trains entering or leaving the city at this depot, and the accommodations which it will thus furnish to up-town residents of New York can not be overestimated. According to its present contract, the New York and New Haven Railroad Company can not halt their trains anywhere between the Grand Central Depot and Williams Bridge, but it is said that upon the completion of the new station this contract will be so modified that the trains of that road, as well as the other roads, will stop at One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth Street.

CHRISTMAS AND CHILDHOOD.

Christmas in New York has always been glad with the joys of childhood. It is the season of St. Nicholas, who comes laden with gifts for children, and whose portly figure Dr. Clement Moore has painted in his "Night before Christmas"—the favorite song of all the young. In other countries Christmas may be more grave and formal; but with us, in all the circuit of Manhattan Island, it is the season for youthful fancies, and hopes for a golden shower of toys and trinkets more prized than gold. Every family and houshold is stirred to its depths by these fond imaginings, these childish revels. Santa Claus, the spirit of the Belgic forest, rules in every home where there are children. It is the children's feast. It is in memory of a new-born babe that the infant world of New York looks forward to its Christmas tree or the well-filled stocking, to Christmas games and happy sports. It is pleasant to think how many of the children of New York will be happy on that day at least, and one could wish that not a child in all our borders should go without his Christmas gift.

Much of the joy of Christmas is in the anticipation. For weeks, and even months, before its coming did we not all, when boys and girls, look forward to the future as something bright and rare? Everything was tinted with the colors of fancy. Every day that passed was a happy one, since it brought us nearer the fulfillment of our hopes. Bright Christmas and the holidays seemed to cast a golden shadow before them on the path of life. And the reality was never unsatisfactory. Every gift, however slight, had its value. The days seemed laden with endless joy. They were the holidays. Far off were cast every burden of care, every sense of the heavy duties of school and life. Childhood's fancy wreathed everything in the rarest of its flowers and covered every thorn in its sweetest garlands. To the children of the poor it gave new pleasures of hope, to the wealthier a less animated but not less sincere rejoicing; and we may trust that in New York every Christmas may abound in the glad pleasures of children, and that a common good-will may make at last every family in our midst share in the Christmas joys.

Christmas comes to us a European custom covered with the legends and usages of many lands. We have laid aside the Yule log, the mistletoe, and the various English observances; we have borrowed the German Christmas tree, and something of the vivacity of the French Noël. Saxon, German, and Huguenot have each lent us something. In England, in the Saxon and Norman days, the English kings gathered their nobles and priests around them, and celebrated the Nativity with revels and rejoicings. Sometimes it was at Winchester, in the huge halls of the Norman palace, or earlier in the wooden but strongly built houses of the Saxon kings. These seem to have been great log huts heavily "getembered," as was the Saxon phrase. It was at Christmas that Edward the Confessor, in 1066, ill and dying, gathered his court at London, and dedicated his church at Westminster. Soon after he died. His church has become the shrine and sepulchre of poets and men of thought.

One pleasant English custom is the chant of the Christmas waits. These are the children and young people of the parish, who pass from house to house, singing under the windows or in the halls their cheerful strains. They are the songs of the new birth and the hopes of the coming year. On Christmas Eve, when the snow often covers the ground, and the famished robin gains a scanty living by pecking at the window-panes and calling for his daily food, the carol of the waits sounds cheerfully on the evening air. They gather, like the robin, their sixpences and shillings from the hands of the charitable. Once a party of Americans were assembled on Christmas night in a large hotel in the west of England. Suddenly on the stillness a soft burst of melody aroused them. It was the song of children. In the wide hall of the great hotel the Christmas waits had gathered. They sang their carols, received their gifts, and passed out into the darkness to carry their melodies to some other house. It is probably a Saxon custom.

Christmas in New York and all over our land is the season of good wishes. We wish that the children of all the earth may at some time share in the peace, ease, and plenty that fall to the lot of so many in our own homes. It is on children that most of the woes of bad government or bad education fall. We should be glad to hope at the Christmas of 1885 that the children of Europe were never again to be starved, decimated, destroyed, by war or the terrors of war. We wish for them a perpetual Christmas of peace. We wish for our own land a still higher education in humanity and labor. We may wish for all its children lessons in manliness and self-respect. Christmas in New York is a season of reflection, and we may wish that every day in the year may be a Christmas of honest joy and peace to the industrious and true-hearted of every land.

Eugene Lawrence.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Divorce is said to be quite common in Burmah, and to be effected by very simple means. The man and wife, having agreed to a separation, light each a candle, and seating themselves, watch to see which will first burn out. The owner of the candle which lasts longest corresponds to the person who, in our civilization, "obtains the decree." The hut that the pair have occupied, its utensils and furniture, and all that the couple have owned, become the property of the one whose candle has shown the superior endurance, and the other goes forth with only the clothing which he or she may have on at the time. The need that a Burman grocer has to be utterly trustworthy in the matter of candles will be understood. It would be ruin to him to sell a poor article to ladies and gentlemen contemplating divorce.

The material accumulations that men departing this life leave behind them are, of course, various in kind, and it may be true as well that their variety has a scope co-extensive with the limits of human eccentricity. The thought is thrown forth by a writer in a Vienna newspaper, and is suggested by a list of the properties of an Austrian comedian which recently came into the possession of his heirs. The properties consisted of 5000 scented love-letters, 723 medallion lockets containing locks of hair, 440 portraits, 312 scarf pins, and a quantity of shirt studs so formidable that they were not counted.

Wooden telegraph poles in Canada are being replaced by poles of metal. In case a like change should be made in this city, the inhabitants would be greatly pleased if it could be so arranged as to have the new poles put entirely under ground.

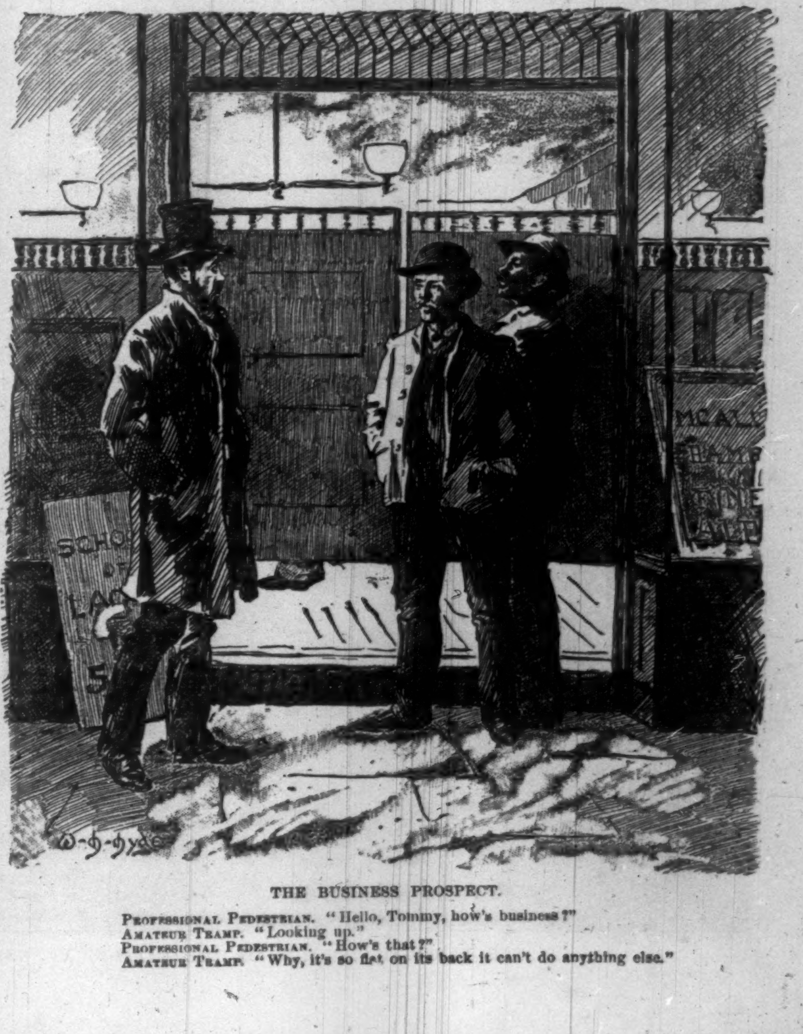
The story is told again of a traveller calling at a farm-house, and finding a baby fast asleep in a cradle softly rocked by a mysterious agency, which proved on investigation to be a cow's tail—at least, one cow's tail is the number stated in the usual story, though in the edition in question the tails of three cows are said to have been employed. The narrative declares that a cord ran from a rocker of the cradle through a hole in the wall, and was attached to the tails of three cows, which stood in a row in an adjoining stable. When they swished their tails at flies, the cradle was made to rock. Any one who is familiar with the extremely lusty manner in which the tail of a cow is employed against flies will comprehend the rare absurdity of a story which declares that a baby was quietly sleeping in a cradle to which the tails of three cows were attached.

Of all things that are ridiculous one would least like to believe that an artificial egg can be made so nearly resembling a hen's egg that a man will break it, and put salt on it, and eat it with a spoon, without suspecting that it was not laid by a hen. Such eggs, however, have been exhibited in this city, according to (false) report, and it is declared that they can be made and sold at a profit for half a cent apiece. It beats all; nothing is impossible if this is true. Will it, however, be too much to ask the inventor, after all the world has become convinced of the reality of the perfect imitation, to make a new and more convenient style of shell for the eggs intended for common use? The shells should be a trifle tougher, if it is not impertinent to say so, and should be made to unscrew, and be provided with some sort of little antiphlogistic handles, so that one may open them, when boiled, neatly and without pain.

The means taken by some persons for the acquisition of knowledge are occasionally very surprising. In an Ohio village the other day a man found two kegs of gunpowder in the cellar of an old church which was used as a dwelling by his own family and a number of others. He carried out one of the kegs, intending also to remove its fellow. The first keg leaked, however; a little stream dribbled from it, reaching from the spot where the two kegs had stood together out into the street, and on noticing the street end, the man began to wonder whether the powder was dry or not, and touched a match to it in order to learn. It was dry. A fiery flash ran across the street, and down into the church cellar to the other keg, which was also free of moisture, and blew up. Such part of the church as was not demolished was set sadly askew. The families above learned quite as much as the man had ascertained concerning the dryness of the powder, and much more concerning its general effects, though fortunately no one suffered serious injury.

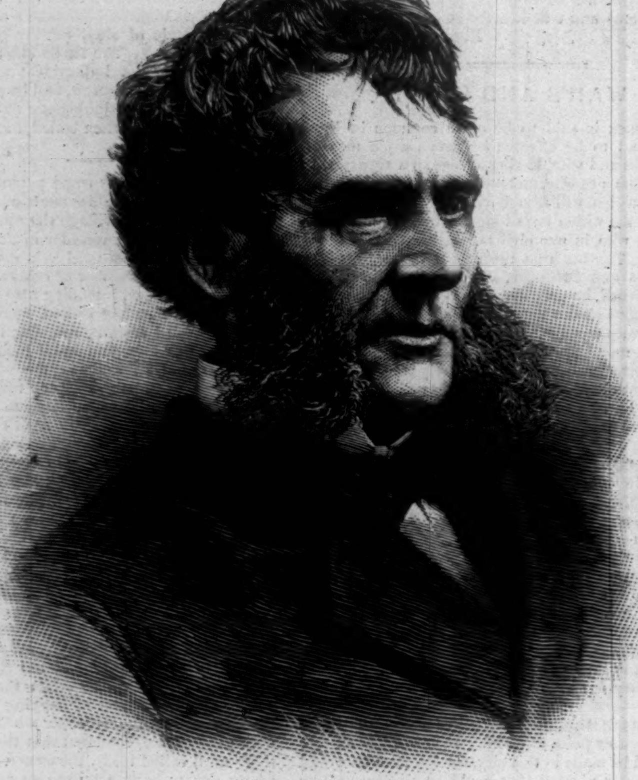
A great difference between one civilized nation and all the rest in a most interesting respect has seldom been so concisely expressed as in the statement of a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, which is to the effect that in Norway people are in the habit of hanging their umbrellas on trees by the way-side when they do not wish to use them, confident that they will remain there until called for by the owner. Almost anywhere else, to hang a tree to an umbrella would hardly be a sufficient means to secure it.

Discoverers in various countries are still active in the search for something which will reduce the size of fat people. A recent scheme from Germany which bade fair to become very popular, having proved efficacious, it was declared, in the case of Herr Bismarck, still lags, probably because it is founded upon a somewhat intricate system of chemistry, and requires patients to go through a rather tedious course in a laboratory before they can understand what it is proper to eat and drink. The latest scheme is advanced by a Frenchman, and is much simpler. All that the patient need do is to eat sparingly of meat, and drink enormous quantities of tea. The reason why Dr. Samuel Johnson was not quite slender probably was that he could not wean himself from the meat habit, or else that he did not drink tea enough, it being well known that he rarely took more than twenty dishes at a single sitting. It certainly seems reasonable to think that if a fat man would only drink tea enough, he might lose flesh. The requirement should be pressed strongly upon him, however, that he should drink enough. It is too often the fact that half-way measures fail. If the patient is fond of cheerful colors, the assurance might also be held out to him that he would turn a nice bright yellow as his superfluous flesh dropped away.

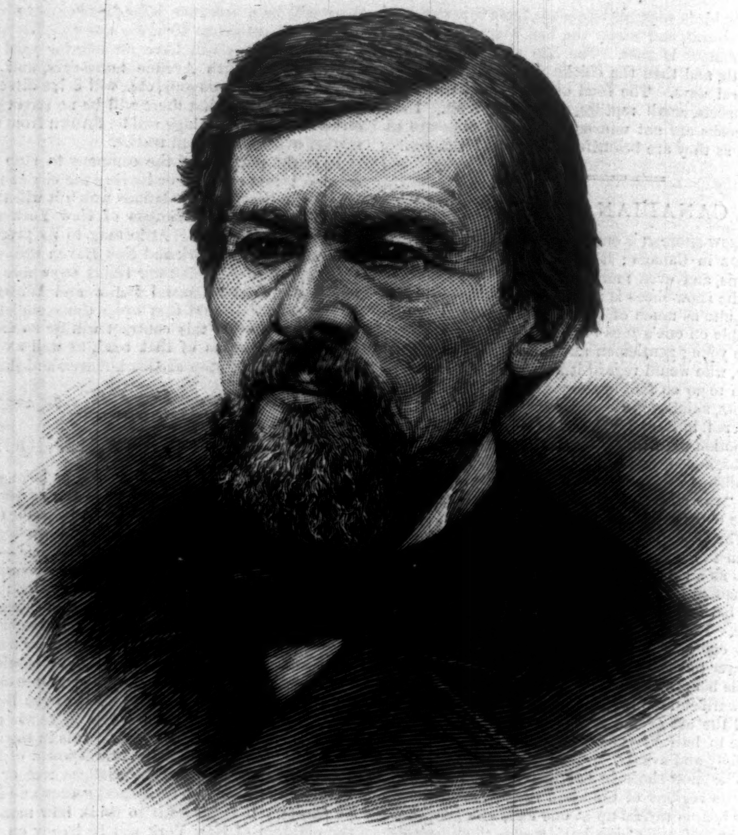


THE BUSINESS PROSPECT.

Professional Pedestrian. "Hello, Tommy, how's business?"
Amateur Tramp. "Looking up."
Professional Pedestrian. "How's that?"
Amateur Tramp. "Why, it's so flat on its back it can't do anything else."



THE HON. JOHN BIGELOW, ASSISTANT TREASURER AT NEW YORK.
Photographed by K. E. Churchill.—[See Page 851.]

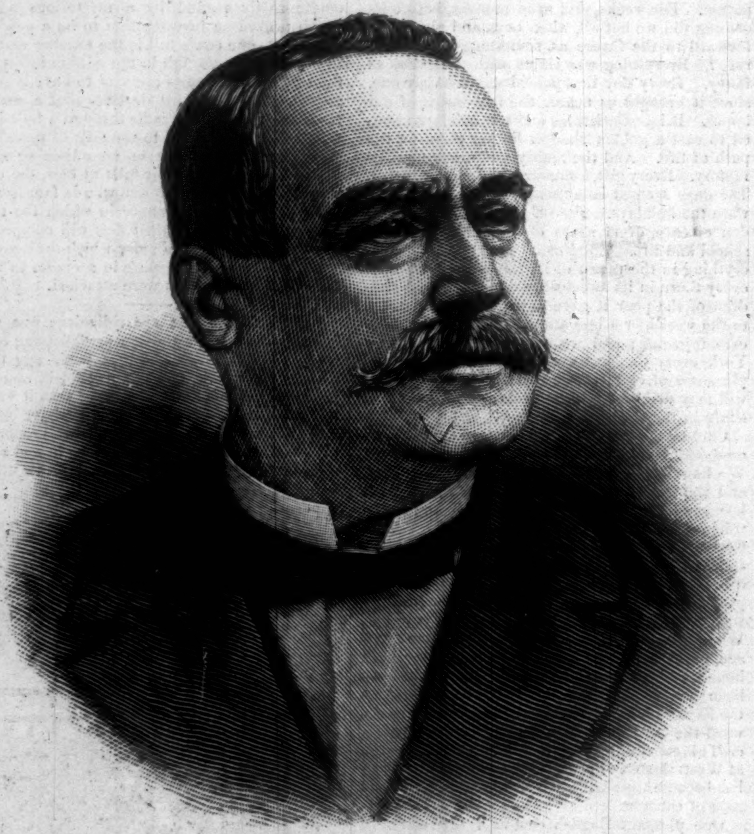


GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL, PENSION AGENT AT NEW YORK.
Photographed by T. Ordemann.—[See Page 851.]

JULIAN ALVAREZ.

Smokers of cigars would scarcely credit the statement that seven million dollars' worth of a single brand—the Henry Clay—are sold annually by a single firm in New York city, but such is the fact; and it has been brought into prominence by the death of **Julian Alvarez**, who had a world-wide reputation as the manufacturer of Henry Clays. He did a business of not less than thirty-six millions a year, which, until within a comparatively short time, was concerned exclusively with the cigars sold under that name. Success made him both patriotic and popular: he led a regiment of Spanish troops against the Cuban insurgents, and, while making a fortune, gave a fortune away. The interests of his tenantry were dear to him; he valued their affection, and he strove to earn it. Ever since his arrival from Spain, at the age of fifteen, in the capacity of clerk to a cigar firm, he had been associated with the manufacture of tobacco in Cuba, and his estate is valued at one million and a half dollars.

Mr. **Alvarez** had a large circle of friends in this city, not only among Cubans, but among gentlemen of every nationality. Although the principal object of his visits here was to get medical advice, their social aspects were highly prized by him. He supplied the American market through no special agent, but sold to all dealers alike; nor did he take pains to conceal his satisfaction when the sales amounted to seventeen millions of dollars annually in the United States alone. His only son, **Francis Alvarez**, left this city for Cuba only a few days before his father's death.



THE LATE JULIAN ALVAREZ.—Photographed by Sarony.

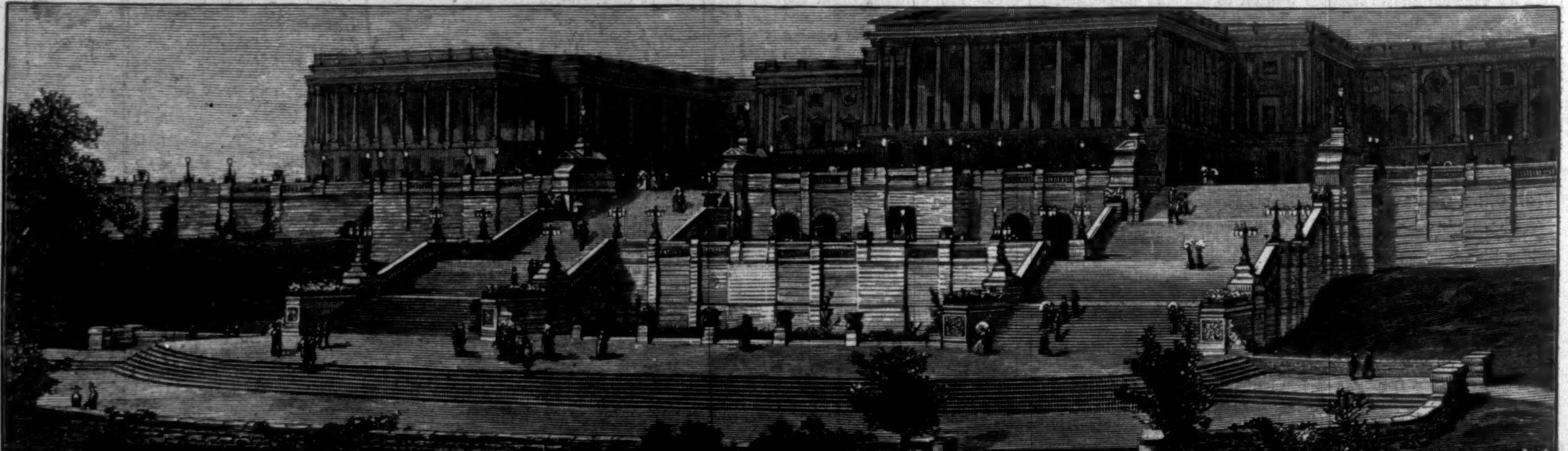
PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS AT THE CAPITOL.

The engraving given below conveys an idea of the effect which will be produced upon the National Capitol by certain improvements which have been proposed, and which have been already in part carried out. That is to say, all the recent alterations in the grounds about the great building, which have so changed its surroundings and improved its situation, are subordinate to and adapted to the radical alteration which is implied in the illustration in question.

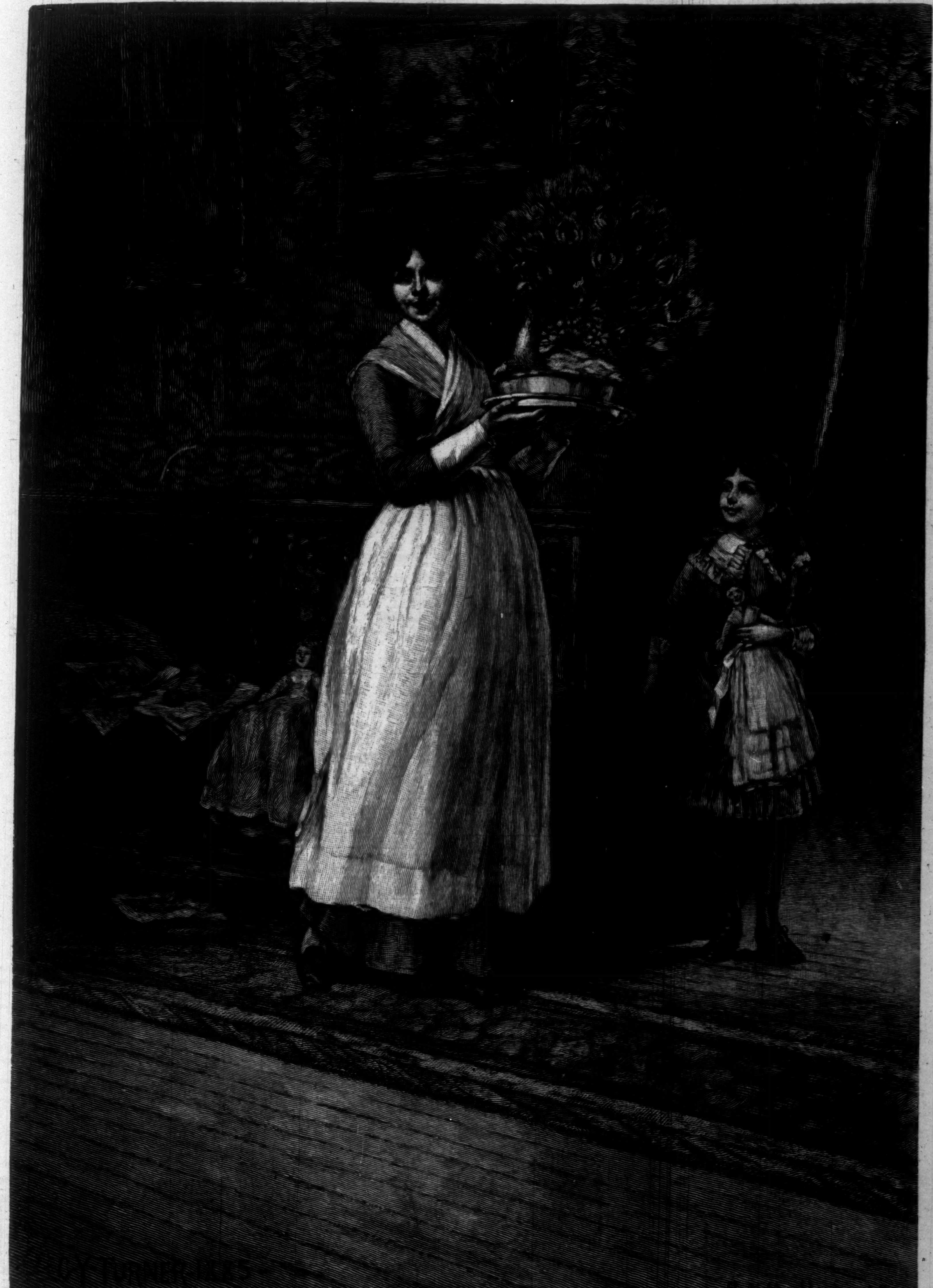
The Capitol has always been unfortunate in an architectural sense. The great dimensions of the dome have overweighted the whole lower structure, and the building has always conveyed the impression of lacking adequate foundation and stability. From certain points of view, and under certain conditions, it is majestic and impressive.

In order that the best characteristics of the edifice may be less affected by considerations of position and conditions of the atmosphere, it is proposed to substitute a massive granite terrace for the present earth-work or turf terrace. This construction will assume the relation to the building of an external base or foundation, part of and essential to the whole structure, and filling the eye with a sense of its stability, breadth, and firmness, and its harmonious proportions.

Mr. **Frederick Law Olmsted** is chiefly responsible for this and other substantial improvements about the Capitol. The original design was made by Mr. **Walter**, former architect of the Capitol, but the present is Mr. **Olmsted**'s, and it is to his indomitable energy and perseverance that its adoption will be due. Discussing this subject recently, Mr. **Olmsted** said: "The more obvious objections to the present earth-work, aside from its general inelegance, are that it does not provide an adequately firm and stable footing for so ponderous a building when placed on a hill-side—I mean that whatever the real security may be, an adequate impression upon the mind in that respect is not made. The architectural terrace will produce an adequate impression, and the greater apparent firmness and more enduring strength of the building thus obtained will add greatly to its grandeur. It was my expectation that the terrace would be built at once, in advance of the improvement of the grounds. I have always regretted that it was not, because the design of the grounds is disconcerted by the presence of so conspicuous a feature, to which they are not at all fitted."



THE PROPOSED TERRACE OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley from the Architect's Plans.


C.Y. TURNER
R.A.Muller sc.

THE PRIDE OF THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.—Drawn by C. Y. Turner.—[See Page 858.]

AT TWILIGHT.

'Tis not when bright and garish day
  With azure sky and bird-song clear
Makes nature's face seem fresh and gay
  That mysteries to our souls draw near;

But as the setting sun doth melt
  With crimson fire the light to shade,
As night draws near, the dew is felt,
  And silence fills the woodland glade.

Then in the deepening twilight glow
  Rise shadowy forms of faces fond;
Then o'er our spirits seem to flow
  The peace and rest which lie beyond;

And in the gloaming hangs a star
  That beckons on to hope and trust:
The brighter day can not be far,
  For we are more than earth's mere dust.

ROBERT J. WICKENDEN.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

IMITATIONS and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

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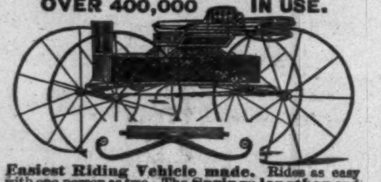

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OPENS THE "EDITOR'S STUDY."

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GENERAL McCLELLAN
ON
THE MILITIA AND THE ARMY.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

(No. 428)

FOR JANUARY, 1886.

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Illustration for "She Stoops to Conquer."
Frontispiece. From Drawing by E. A. ABBEY;

Winter in Devonshire.
By LUCY C. LILLIE. Illustrated by ALFRED PARSONS, C. S. REINHART, and H. M. PAGET;

Christmas-tide with the Germans before Paris.
By ARCHIBALD FORBES. Illustrated;

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By S. G. W. BENJAMIN, late U. S. Minister to Persia. Illustrated;

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By GEORGE R. GIBSON. A thorough exposition of the Petroleum Industry. Part IV. of the useful and interesting series on "Great American Industries." With Sixteen Illustrations;

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Illustrated by E. A. ABBEY;

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A Sketch. By MARY TUCKER MAGILL. Illustrated by JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD;

In the Marshes.
A Poem. By ALICE COMYNS CARR. Illustrated;

"Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'."
A Christmas Story. By THOMAS N. PAGE, Author of "Marse Chan;"

The Militia and the Army.
By MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN;

East Angels. Part XIII.
A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON;

Indian Summer. Part VII.
A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS;

Hunting a Mythical Pall-bearer.
By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Illustrated;

Editor's Easy Chair.
By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
From the "Easy Chair" to the "Study."—The André Monument.—"So American."—A Delicate Question Answered.—E Pluribus Unum.—Mr. Parnell;

Editor's Study.
By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
An Invitation to the Reader.—Recent Fiction.—Literary Centres.—A Word about "Americanisms."—Some Recent Illustrated Books.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

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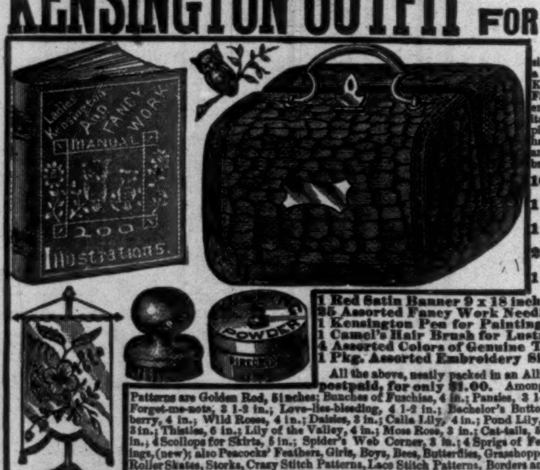

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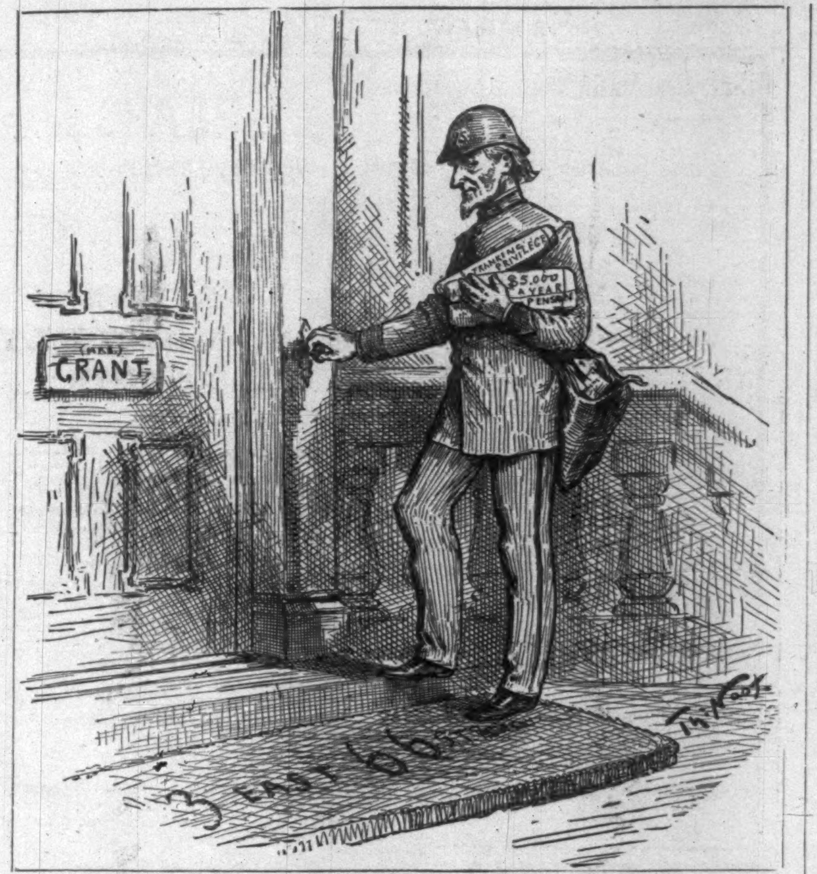

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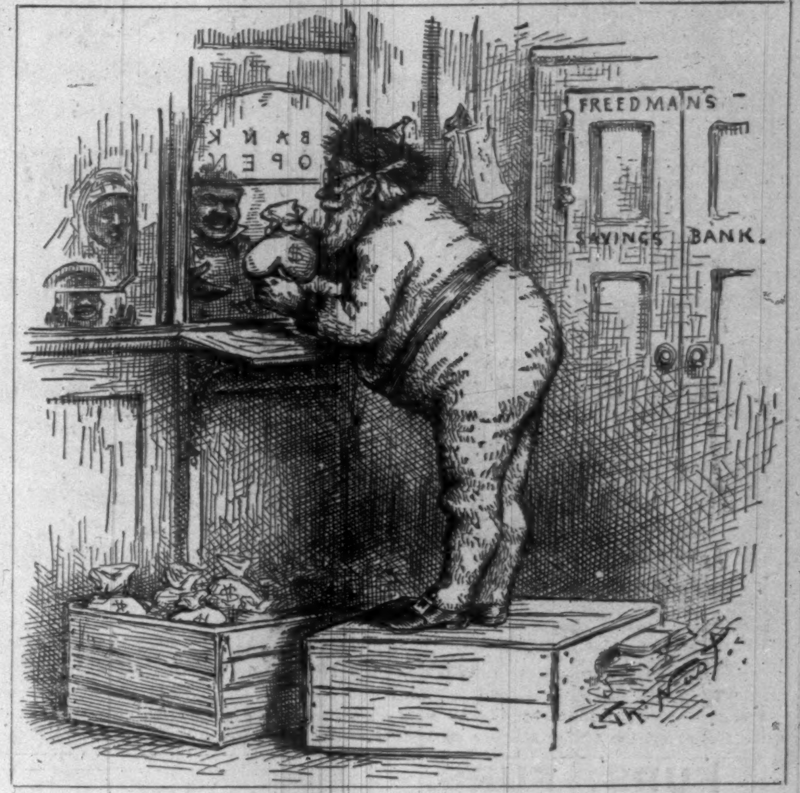
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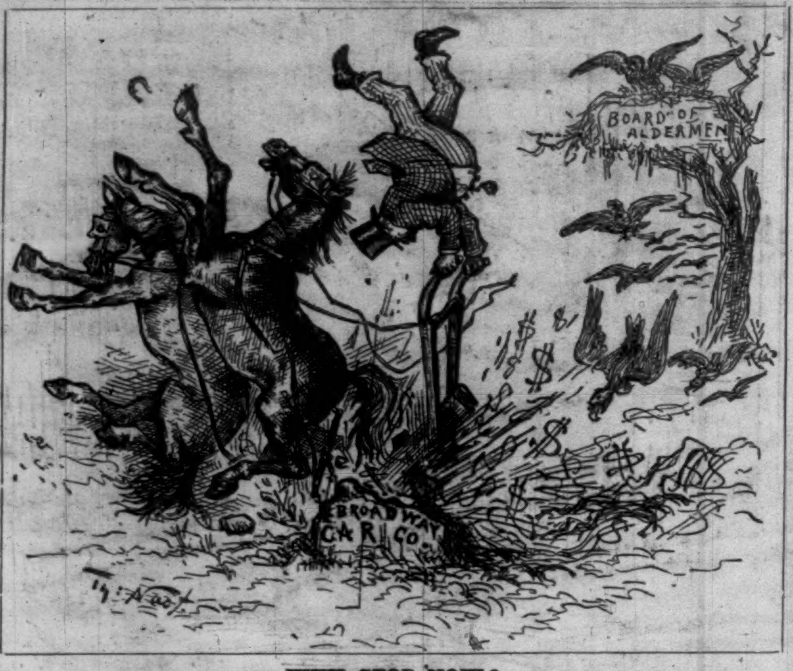

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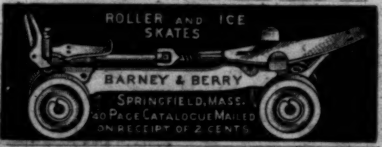

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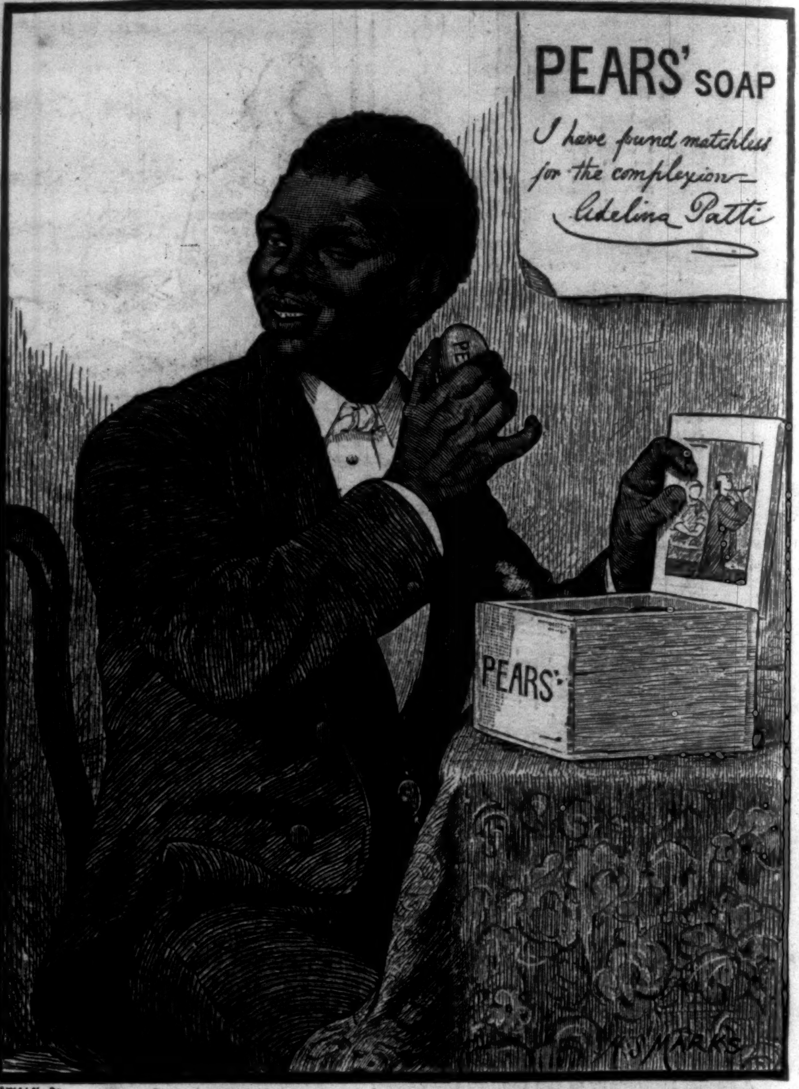
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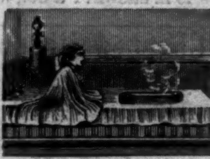

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